THE SPHERE

Vol. CLII No. 1981 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JANUARY 8 1938

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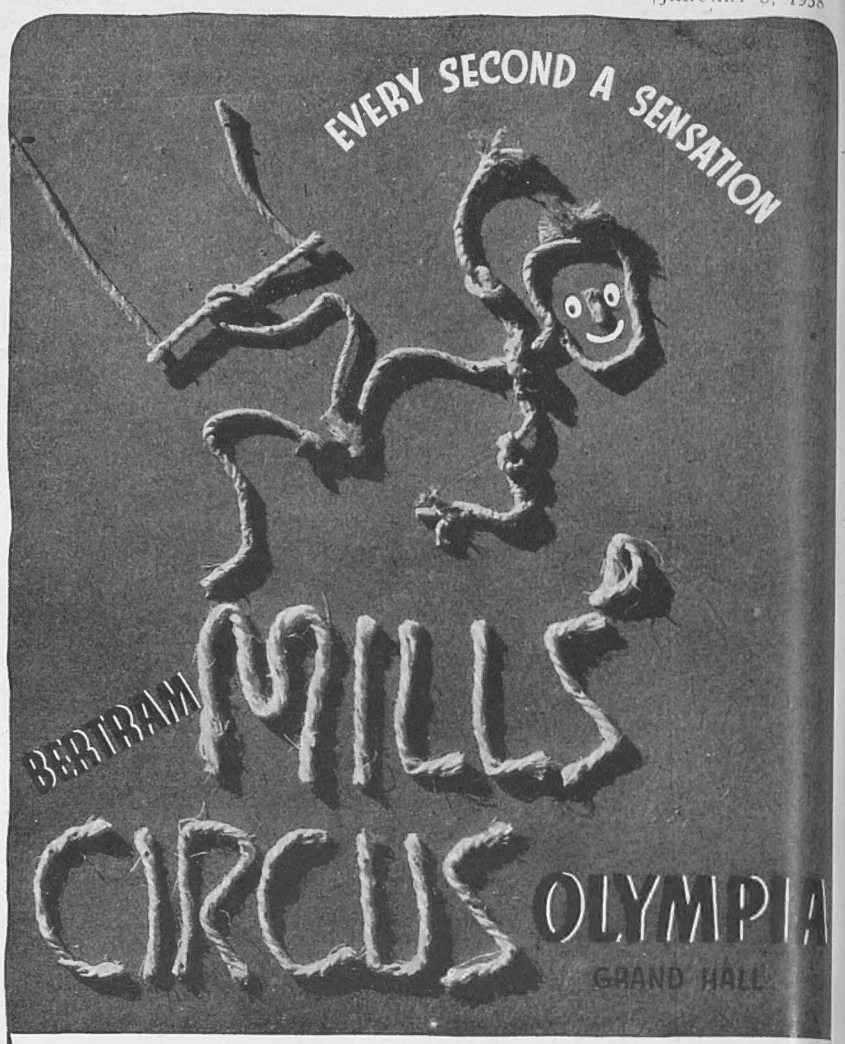

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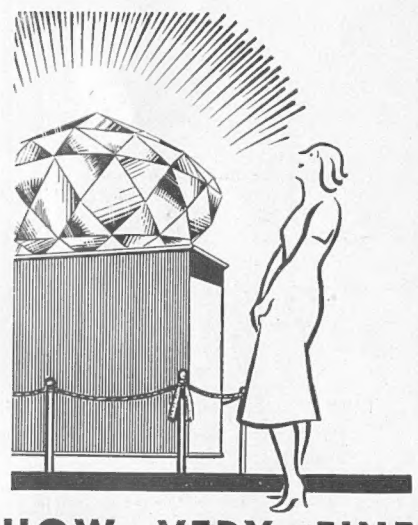

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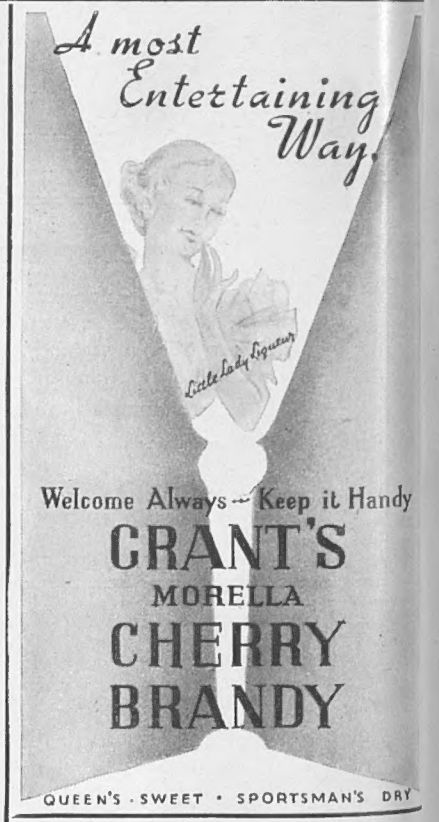

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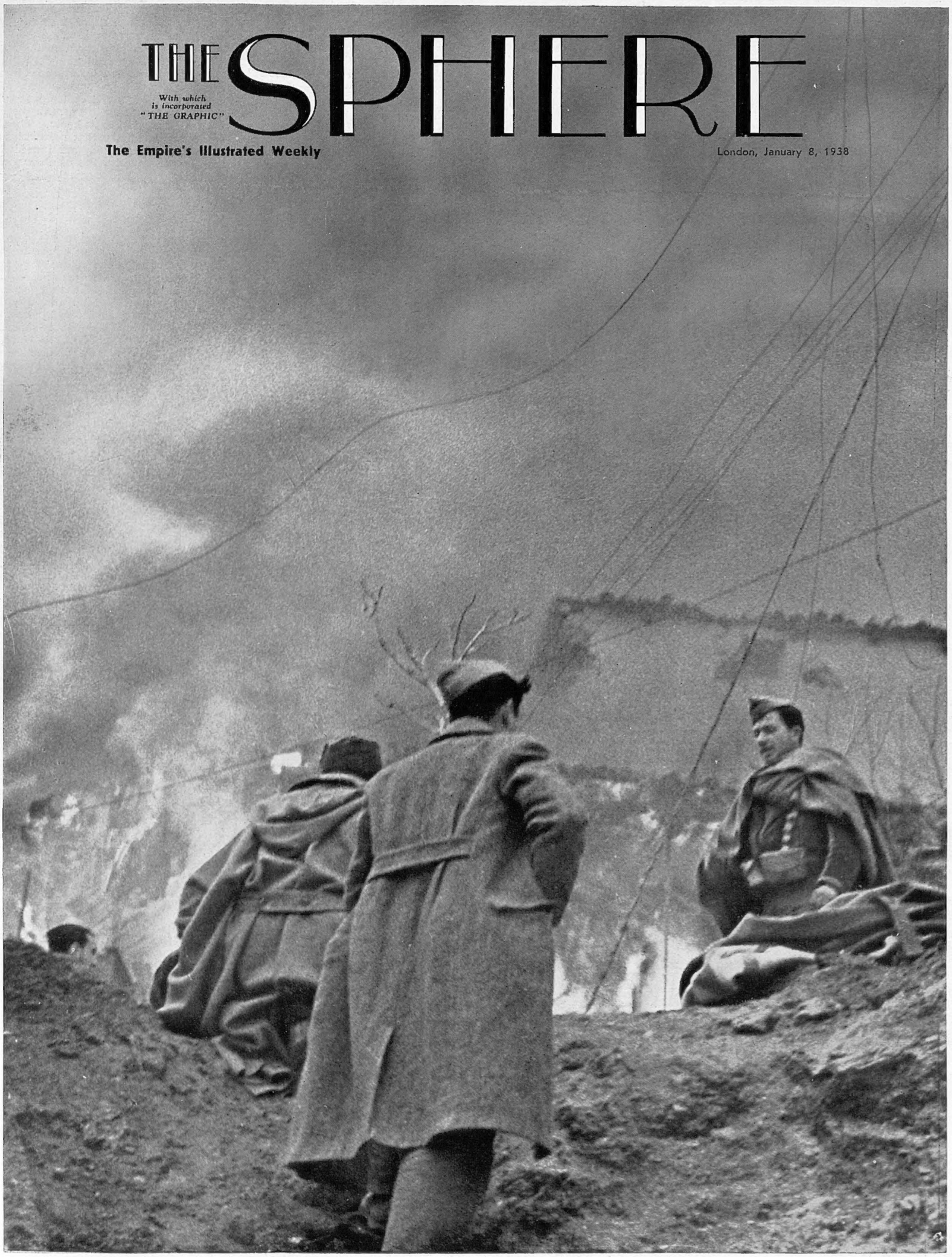
London, January 8, 1938



The Battle for TERUEL

Government Troops in the Burning Aragonese Town which they Captured from the Insurgents and have Subsequently been Defending so Desperately

The fall of Badajoz, the relief of the Alcazar, and the sieges of Madrid, Irun, San Sebastian, and Bilbao, are all episodes in the Spanish Civil War that will live in history, and surely ranking with them will be the battle for Teruel, a ding-dong struggle which on Tuesday was continuing unabated as Government forces strove desperately to drive the last few insurgents from the upper town and to hold at bay the relieving columns which Generalissimo Franco had sent from the north west under the direction of Generals Moscardo and Aranda. Throughout Friday and Saturday of last week, when counter-attack succeeded attack with grim regularity, the combatants fought under the most arduous conditions, with heavy snow lying on the ground and bitter winds sweeping across the plateau, chilling men's bones. Such was the "fog of war" and so conflicting were reports, it has been impossible to determine the true day to day position, but the battle, whatever its final outcome, has certainly demonstrated the efficiency of the "new army" which the Government has built up through the autumn and winter. Further Teruel pictures will be found on page 40 of this issue

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

A London NEWSLETTER

SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ART AT BURLINGTON HOUSE: Members of the selection committee admiring El Greco's famous painting "The Adoration of the Shepherds," after it had been put in place in readiness for the opening, last Monday, of the Royal Academy's great winter show. The picture has been loaned by King Carol of Rumania from the Royal Palace at Bucharest, and is the only one sent to the exhibition from abroad. Between pages 53-60 will be found a section devoted to some of the principal exhibits and—another art matter—reference to the Giorgione controversy

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4.

Wednesday, January 5, 1938.

NEW-YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

—The New Year 1938 is in and I offer a tardy wish for a happy New-Year to all readers. Like them, I have made (and already broken) a dozen good resolutions. Here are—or were—some of them: *Hero Worshib.*—Resolved: to regard the present Government (in my notes of the day) as composed of men of very high ability, the best men available for the various posts which they have been chosen to fill; and not to allow any dislike of their peculiarities (e.g., Mr. Belisha's love of posing before the camera-men) to blind me to their great virtues and abilities. I fancy it is a sign that crabbed middle-age is upon one, when one begins to fail in hero-worship. I have reached an age when the highest posts in the State are filled by my contemporaries or juniors, and it is notorious that youths whom one despised at school or Oxford have a nasty habit of soaring in middle-age. *Democracy.*—To use this word more sparingly, and when using it, to keep to its strict meaning which is: "Government by the people, direct or representative." To what extent it may be properly used in its strict sense of British government I don't pretend to know. I am muddled by its loose and wide application to cover such ideas as "Socialism," the antithesis of "privilege," the obliteration of class-barriers, the decline of snobbery, the dawn of freedom, the liberty of the subject, and so on and so forth. It is often used to classify under a common head certain nations in civilisation—as though the democracies of France, Britain, and the U.S. were as like as three pins or as three mass-produced Austin Sevens (with the accent on "mass-produced"). *Silence is Golden.*—To remember this maxim, so far as a journalist may who has so many feet of column space to fill every week, and to apply it specially whenever the desire awakes to castigate dictators or foreign aggressors or the internal economy of foreign nations. This in the cause of international harmony. And in the cause of domestic peace, not to tilt at the pronouncements of cranks and "humanitarians" and protagonists of religious sects and denominations; for these people are thin-skinned and peculiarly vicious under criticism. *Optimism.*—To repeat each day when shaving Calverley's "Say not the Struggle" and the whole array of nursery maxims treating of optimism and hope (the silver lining, the darkness before dawn, etc.), and in a word to go on hoping against hope. Crash! Bang! There goes a good resolution.

NEW YEAR'S DAY BABIES: Nurses at Queen Charlotte's Hospital with just a few of the first arrivals of 1938

DEUCE TAKE DEMOCRACY.

—The Duce's latest slash at democracy deserves to be treated impartially. There were grains of truth in his trenchant dismissal of democracy as false and childish illusion. For among the democracies there is no common agreement about the meaning of the word—see previous paragraph—and in no single democracy so called can the strict definition be said yet to apply to the existing method of government. Democracy, like the totalitarian State, is in the making, and nothing is truer than the Duce's assertion that at present that definition can only be applied to *ordinary* contingencies. America props it up with a species of dictatorship. Britain hankers still after many of the conveniences of the age of aristocracy and privilege. Like the League of Nations, true or pure democracy is an ideal, ever to be aimed at; never to be reached unless in small communities free from the major problems of mass organisation and a vast preponderance of semi-literate voters. It is probably true that in the great democracies (so called) the bulk of the educated never yet believed in pure democracy as a workable basis of government.

THE PARIS STRIKE.

—The French citizen is tolerant, philosophic, and broadminded. He prides himself on those qualities which he conceives label him more completely "a man of the world" than his neighbours. The British public is good humoured, in the main cheerful when called on to endure, and is held to possess a high sense of justice. More than once both nations have been "held up" at the pistol point by the public services and called on to undergo great privations from a blow ultimately aimed at the Government. Where there is justice in the workers' claims, the public has usually endured, cheerfully and philosophically, the discomfort entailed. But neither nation has suffered or will suffer itself to be held up without just cause. Reaction soon sets in against the highwaymen. Our own general strike proved this. A former French general strike—killed by conscription in 1910 by M. Briand—proved it. The Paris strike of December 29 had in it the same elements making for public reaction against the strikers. M. Chautemps is Premier of a Popular Front Government manned by Socialists. The appropriate Minister was actually in negotiation with the Union leaders and was favourable to meeting their demands more than half-way. The strike burst in on these negotiations and interrupted them, and no government could tolerate such methods of sabotage. A year ago justice might have pled that French Trade Unions had but a tithe of the power and privileges of British, Belgian, or Scandinavian, or American. To-day that cock won't fight. All the ground and more has been made up. The greater Paris Public Services Unions are drunk with the heady wine of new-won power and privilege. The strike is called off, at least temporarily. The strikers think they have beaten the Government to its knees. The Government maintains that negotiations are in *statu quo ante*, and indeed has no power to raise the men's wages. The trouble is not over.

EIRE—THEORY AND PRACTICE.

—It is like Ireland (as revealed by George Birmingham, Somerville and Ross and others) to bleed for centuries for the sake of an ideal and on reaching some degree of materialisation of that ideal, to lose interest in it and indeed to regard it with apathy and even with distaste. The people of the quondam Irish Free State—twenty-six counties—ceased on December 29 to "form part of the British Commonwealth"—officially or technically. But that change took place at a time when the people's interest in that once visionary ideal had fallen to luke-warm; when they had become bored with constitutional issues and had newly realised the commercial and other value to them in sharing such good things and such protection as the Commonwealth of British nations affords to its components. Dev's disciples have disappointed him. The wearing of the green is *vieux jeu*. There has been too much of it. No new situation is created. The (late) Free State will continue to strive for (and no doubt to receive) all possible benefits from *de facto* citizenship of Empire and *de jure* absolutism, and Ulster and Eire will continue side by side under their different definitions, the one an integral and valued component part of the Empire, the other enjoying the best of two worlds, practical and ideal, so far as may be. If it is a little like a nursery game, the *fait accompli* is unlikely to cause any new embarrassment to the Empire, unless now and again certain very elaborate technicalities newly arising from the Statute of Westminster may from time to time call for adjustment by the exercise of diplomacy or firmness. Mr. de Valera knows what he stands to lose by insisting too far on the "rigour" of the game.

MISCHIEF IN THE COMMONS.

—It is small wonder that the idea is sometimes expressed that international relations are easier, and domestic affairs are more smoothly pursued when Parliament is not sitting. The light in the tower is no symbol of clear and constructive thinking and the work of the Opposition and professional free lances is often no more useful than to obstruct and embarrass the Government. No more glaring example of this could be found than the debate on foreign affairs, insisted on by the Opposition, which came just before the Christmas

recess. In that debate not one word of constructive suggestion or sound argument emerged. The Premier's lips were sealed, words were extracted from him as blood from a stone. It was obviously a time for silence in a situation of great delicacy. As for the Opposition, its speakers only convicted themselves of childish illogic, of the most mischievous practices, of living in a world of unreality. The reality of the international situation to-day is plain to all. The world is "in a state of war." Acts of aggression have been constantly committed, acts which in old days would have been countered by sanctions or displays of force. Such gestures or answers carry the risk of war. To-day that risk dare not be brought nearer. What is maddening to the public in a debate like that one is that there is no serious point of difference between any speaker. The Opposition urges that the Government should "be prepared to stand for justice and the rule of law." How? By organising effective means of collective security? Mr. Attlee or Sir Archibald Sinclair knows as well as you or I the present plight of the League. By economic boycott? In the condition of world trade, what government dare sponsor so incalculable an expedient? By isolated quixotism? What does "policing" mean but the use of force in a last resort? Would a Labour or Liberal government to-day go so far in "firmness" to Japan as to risk Japan calling our bluff and forcing us to show force? Every sane man in Europe and civilisation to-day, while we stand on the brink of world war, is believed to hold the view that another world war means the end of civilisation. It is a period of transition. Nothing remains to-day in diplomacy but tact, patience, compromise, and polite and nicely-adjusted bluff—and every politician knows it. In the circumstances silence is not only golden but decent, patriotic, and for that matter face saving. For the situation is hideously humiliating for sane nations. Ergo, such a debate was a wicked sham, play acting, and damning to those who forced it on; and those who in the course of it practised their wit or invective powers on the dictators did no greater service before Christmas than to add to the existing hatred and bitterness between men and nations.

LONDON'S WELCOME TO 1938: As ever the old year died in an atmosphere of gaiety and when twelve o'clock struck Piccadilly Circus was a solid mass of swaying, cheering humanity, in the centre of which was Eros, boarded round for safety's sake in its Coronation garb. Meanwhile at the Albert Hall the Chelsea Arts Ball reached its climax, and the picture on the right gives an idea of the animation of the scene on the thronged floor where 5,000 dancers made merry through the evening. The centrepiece was a luminous torch designed by Mr. Charles Wheeler. *Below on right*—The scene as Baby 1938 made her bow at midnight

A GOLDEN SHOWER.—

The Government of Poland clearly does not share my views about honours and rewards. It believes, as cynical British Premiers have from time to time declared *obiter*, that the cheapest way to secure a loyal and contented proletariat or State (choose your own word) is to hand out medals and ribbons to every citizen with the smallest claim to respectability. Such a broadcast, it has been argued in the Diet, is bound to make the State or the Government (choose your own word) popular alike in hamlet and city streets. The Government of Poland therefore proposes an initial issue of half a million such medals in bronze, silver and gold, and everyone who has "worked in the service of the State" for ten years will receive a bronze, for twenty years a silver, for thirty years a gold medal, to be permanently affixed to their button holes. Well and good. The issue will cost money but a mere trifle if it achieve its end. The trouble lies in definition—that is where the trouble lies even in Britain. If service to the State means "the civil service and the fighting services," which for the most part receive the lion's share in other medal-mad countries, a heavy strain is put on the Christian virtues of the race, which argues that they also serve who only plough or wait or invent or doctor or ink-sling or lay bricks and pipe-lines or serve behind the counter not less than behind the throne. Our own experience of honours and rewards is less simple and optimistic. We believe that the more ribbons served out, the wider and more general the envy and malice which follow the broadcast. When five "old ladies" in a mean street can "show their medals," fifty-five more are set by the ears. On the whole I should say this expedient for securing a popular government and a contented and loyal people is not cheap because it will not be effective—human nature being what it is.

ASKING FOR TROUBLE.

—Thieves have made some useful hauls in country and London houses during the past weeks of atmospheric gloom and festive gaiety. They got off with £30,000 worth of jewellery in one fell swoop, and in other cases were pretty well paid for their trouble with what moderate men would regard as a handsome private fortune, (if "fences" were more generous buyers of stolen goods). The burglars' plans are carefully laid, but the vital combination of favourable circumstances seldom varies. The family are at dinner or engaged in after-dinner diversions, the housemaids have done tidying up but not yet put in the hot water bottles and turned down the beds. Like the "Spanish Prisoner" trick, the device succeeds time and again. I like a woman to be prettily dressed and I am cheered by the sparkle of jewels. Yet I ask myself (not with bitterness or indignation) whether it is reasonable that a woman should leave £15,000 worth of jewellery unguarded in her bedroom, even when locked up in a strong and expensive jewel case or dressing case. She makes the burglar's game worth the candle.

TWO FAMOUS PICTURES—A CURIOUS RESEMBLANCE.

— The Gulbenkian Loan exhibition at the National Gallery includes (No. 3) a Carpaccio of "The Virgin and Donors." Painted between 1450 and 1526, it is done on wood and represents two donors, male and female, adoring the Child, which lies at the feet of the Virgin, behind whom is Joseph. A traditional Venetian landscape occupies the left of the picture, behind the Holy Family. Early in December *The Times* printed a reproduction of Lord Allendale's Giorgione: "Adoration of the Shepherds." This picture, always accepted as unquestionably and superbly Giorgione, was regarded as one of the last outstanding masterpieces of the renaissance of the Venetian school in private possession, and a plea for its retention in England was put in. What is remarkable is the similarity in the design of these two masterpieces. In the Giorgione the figures round the Child are reversed. Mary and Joseph are on the right at the opening of a grotto, the shepherds on the left, with the Venetian landscape occupying the extreme left of the picture. There are several known replicas or semi-replicas of Lord Allendale's Giorgione. But it is remarkable that two original paintings by two more or less contemporary great masters should show such similarity in conception and design. Can one be accused of plagiarism? Or, was the convention in such pictures in those days laid down on cast-iron rules? I am too ignorant to know the answer.

THE CLOCK WAS STRIKING TWELVE when the camera recorded this striking scene as the windows of a London hotel were simultaneously opened in order to let in the New Year

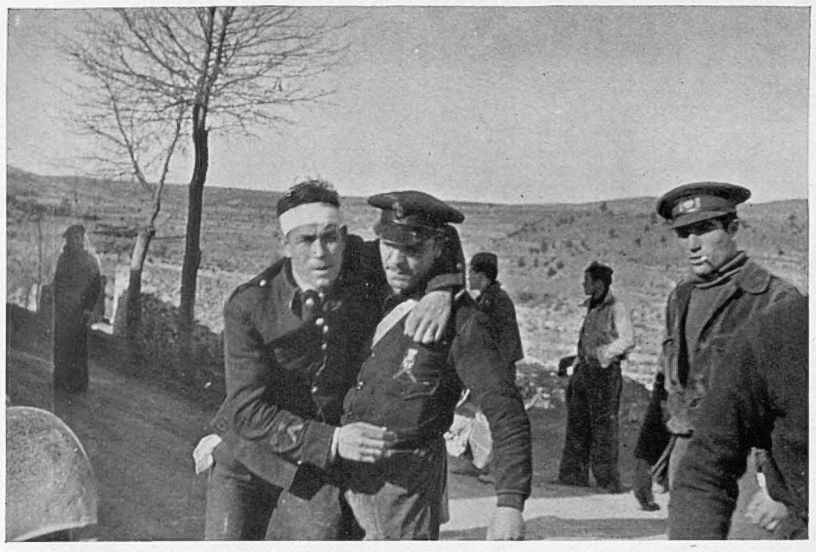
THE OLD STAGER

THE DING-DONG STRUGGLE AT TERUEL:

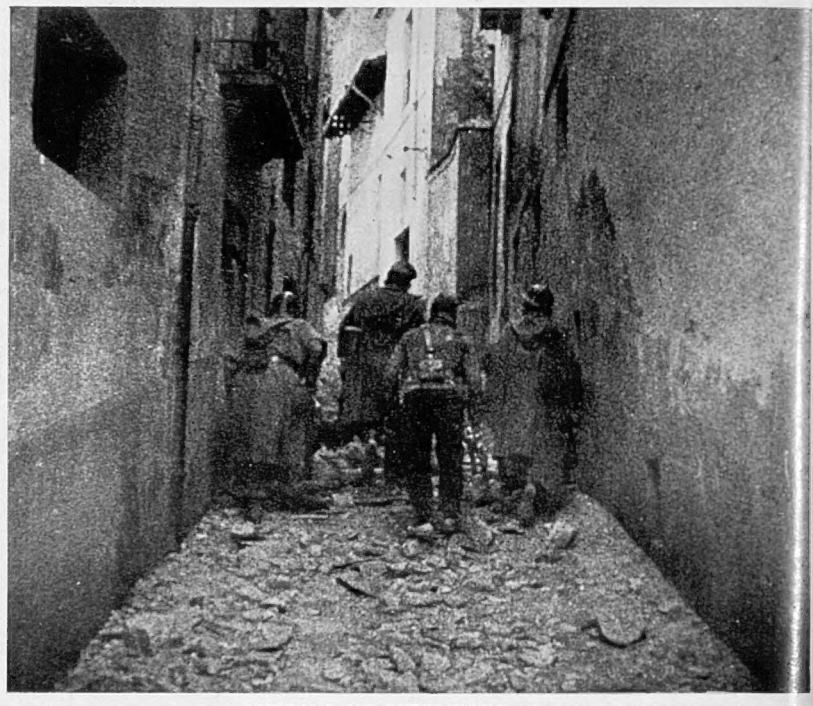
Scenes as the Government Forces Approached and Occupied the Aragonese Town

The Success of the "New Army," which was Followed by a Determined Insurgent Counter-attack

AFTER BATTLE: Government troops pictured on the outskirts of Teruel following the capture of the town during the Christmas offensive which resulted in the defeat of the insurgent forces with heavy losses. A few of General Franco's men continued to hold out in public buildings in the upper town, and last week columns were sent with the object of effecting a relief. Heavy fighting ensued

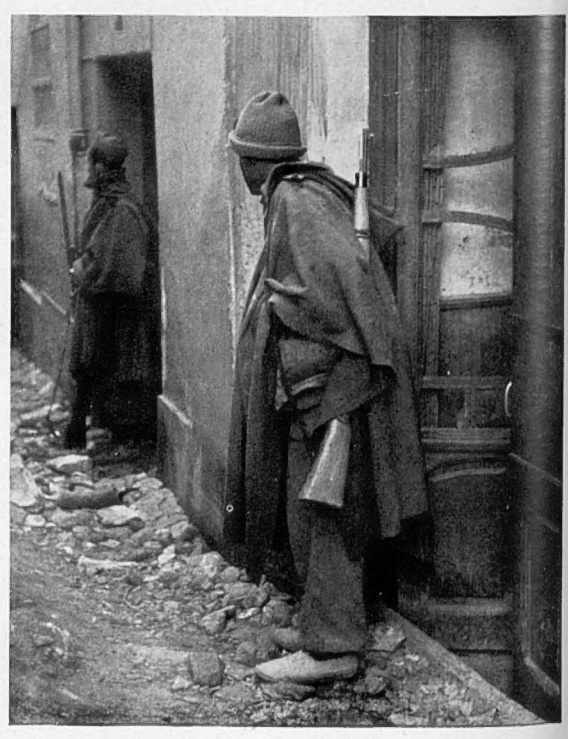


A CASUALTY being assisted following the battle for the town which, in its first phase, resulted in the Government forces' biggest victory in the civil war to date. The "new army," which has been built up during the winter, acquitted itself well



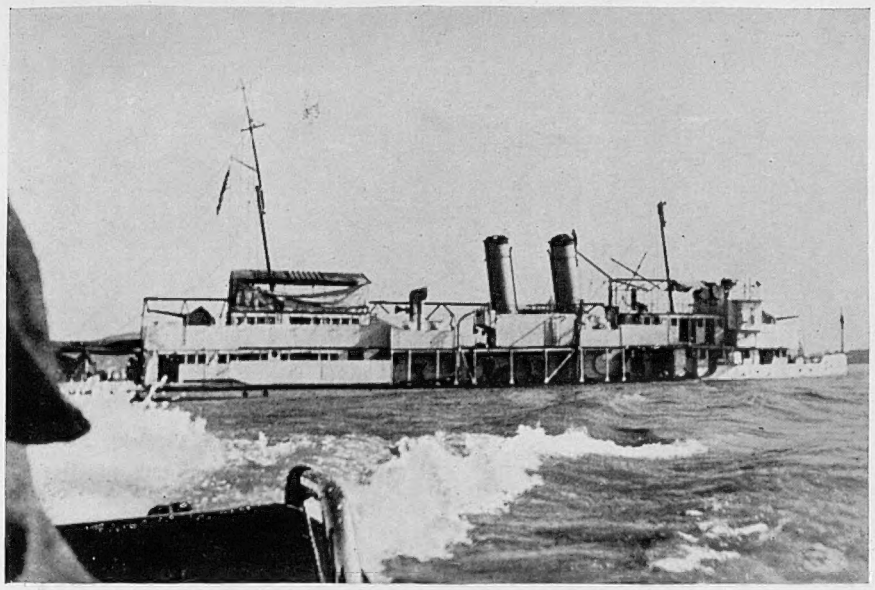
MOPPING UP OPERATIONS: Government troops advancing along a narrow alley in Teruel during the process of eliminating insurgent snipers and isolated detachments which still held out in some of the buildings of Teruel following its virtual capture. Much of the town is said to be in ruins. *Below*—Government supporters outside the Seminary where the largest body of insurgents defied them—refusing to leave even when the place was set on fire. Eventually they were dislodged and those who were not captured succeeded in finding another point of vantage from which to continue operations

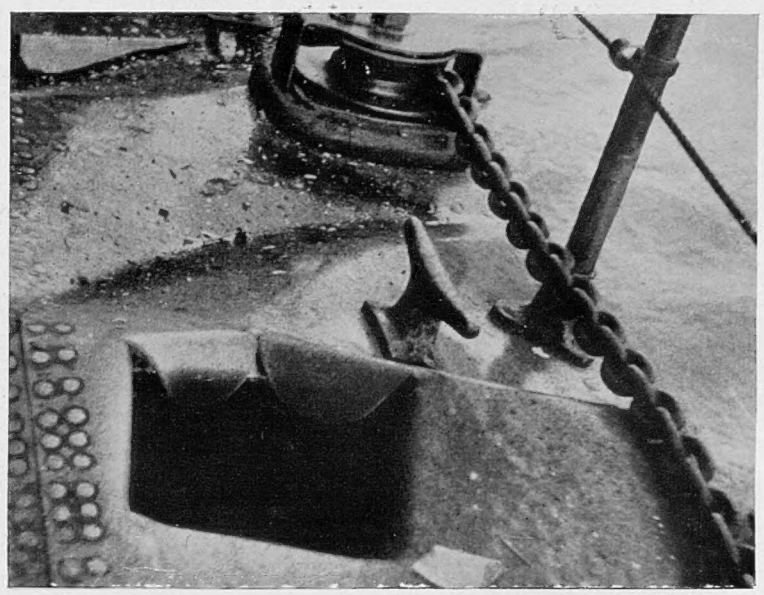
THE GOVERNMENT VANGUARD TAKES POSSESSION: Well equipped troops of the "new army" marching through the streets of Teruel following their victory, the fruits of which they have not been allowed to enjoy undisturbed as General Franco has, since these pictures were taken, counter-attacked with great determination. During the past week snow has fallen and bitter winds have made operations doubly arduous. Three journalists—two American and one British—who were visiting the Teruel front lines lost their lives as the result of their motor car receiving a direct hit from a long-range shell on Friday, December 31



JAPANESE BOMBERS SINK the AMERICAN GUNBOAT "PANAY"

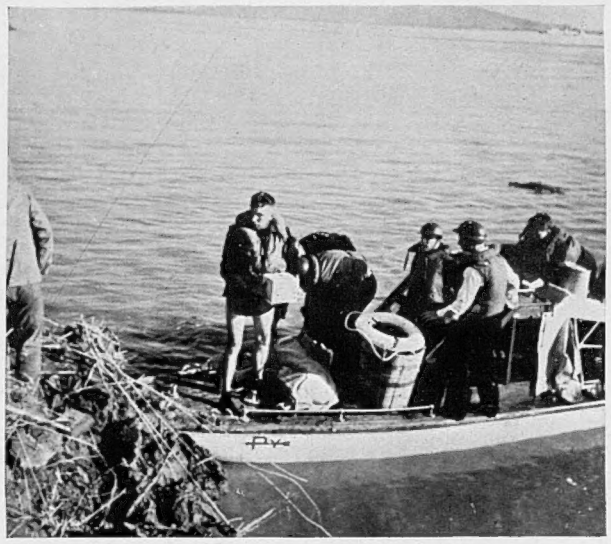
A Pictorial Record of the Yangtse Disaster which was Destined to Cause International Indignation: How the Wounded were Brought Ashore





LAST MOMENTS OF THE ILL-FATED VESSEL: These two pictures, which together with the others on this page have just come to hand, show the American gunboat *Panay* (*above*) as she gradually settled into the waters of the Yangtse, and (*right*) a close-up of her holed deck almost awash. It was at 1.38 p.m. on Sunday, December 12, that Japanese aeroplanes appeared above the spot where she was anchored, 28 miles up river from Nanking, their first bomb striking the forward gun on the main deck, snapping the mast in half, wrecking the bridge, and putting the wireless out of action. Thereafter ensued a positive "rain of terror," and at 3.54 p.m., two and a quarter hours later, the ship went down with colours flying. Meanwhile the survivors had struggled ashore, many of them very badly wounded

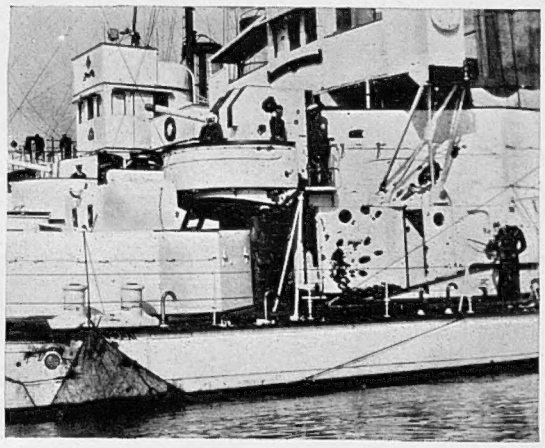
HIS FIRST THOUGHT: Mr. J. Hall Paxton, Second Secretary at the American Embassy, Nanking, who was wounded, pictured with his dog which he rescued

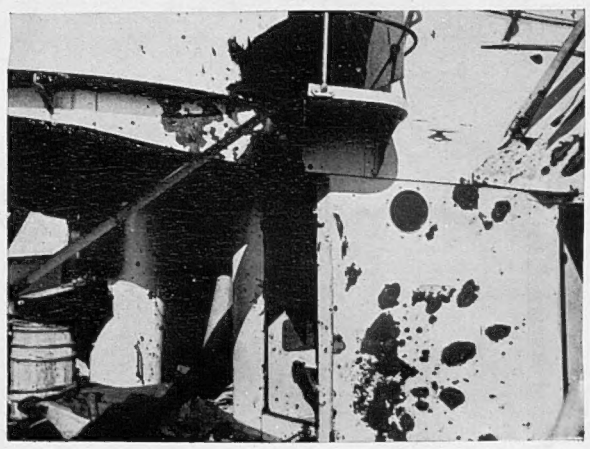


AFTER ABANDONING SHIP: *Above*—Some of the *Panay* survivors about to land on the muddy banks of the Yangtse, and (*right*) three of the injured pictured on the crossing. During their journey of a mile in this open boat, which made several trips, the occupants were repeatedly subjected to machine-gun fire, five men being wounded, including the storekeeper, Ensminger, who died later at Hohsien. The boat itself was holed by bullets, and the able-bodied had to bale her out

KEEPING GUARD OVER THE SKIPPER: Lieutenant C. G. Grazier, a naval doctor, standing among the reeds on the banks of the Yangtse beside the prostrate form of Captain J. J. Hughes, the *Panay's* commander, who was seriously wounded in the initial stages of the attack. This picture was taken just after all the injured had been landed and shortly before the Japanese planes began circling overhead with the clear intention, it seemed, of creating further havoc. After this the party of survivors pushed inland

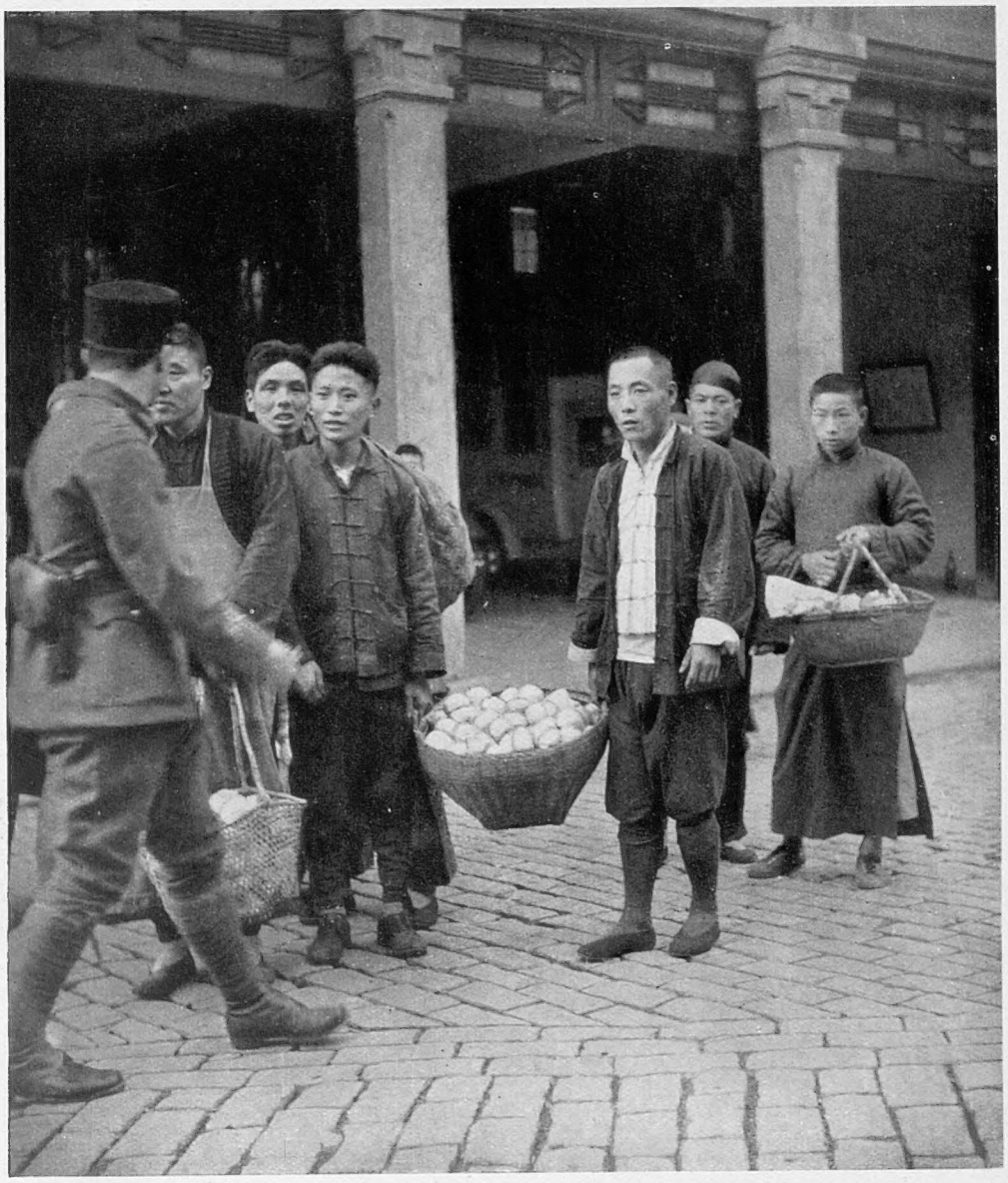
WOUNDED OFFICERS: Captain J. J. Hughes, the *Panay's* commander, and Chief Quartermaster John Lang, whose jaw was broken and who received other injuries, seen among the tall reeds on the river bank after being landed from the wrecked gunboat. *Below*—Two impressions of the shrapnel-torn *Ladybird*, the British gunboat which was fired on shortly before the *Panay* at a point on the Yangtse near Wuhu. A rating was killed and another seriously injured



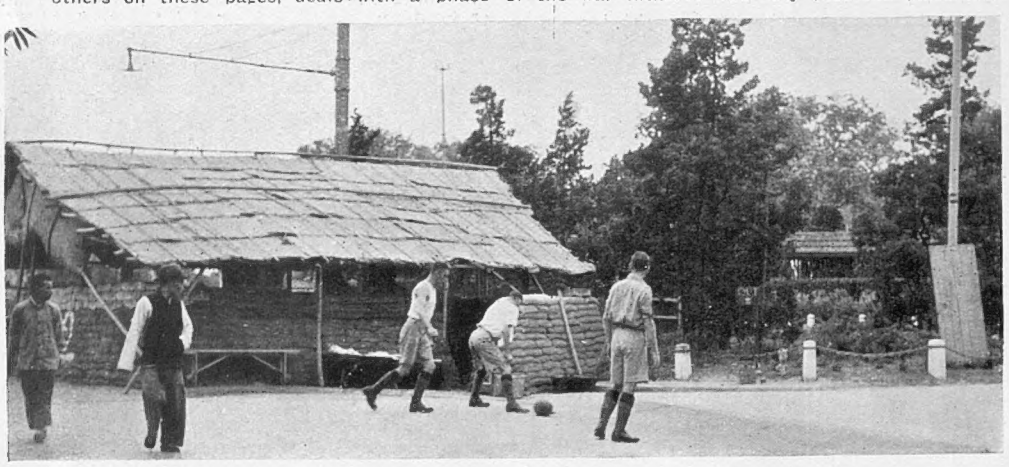


When the Chinese Fled Nantao

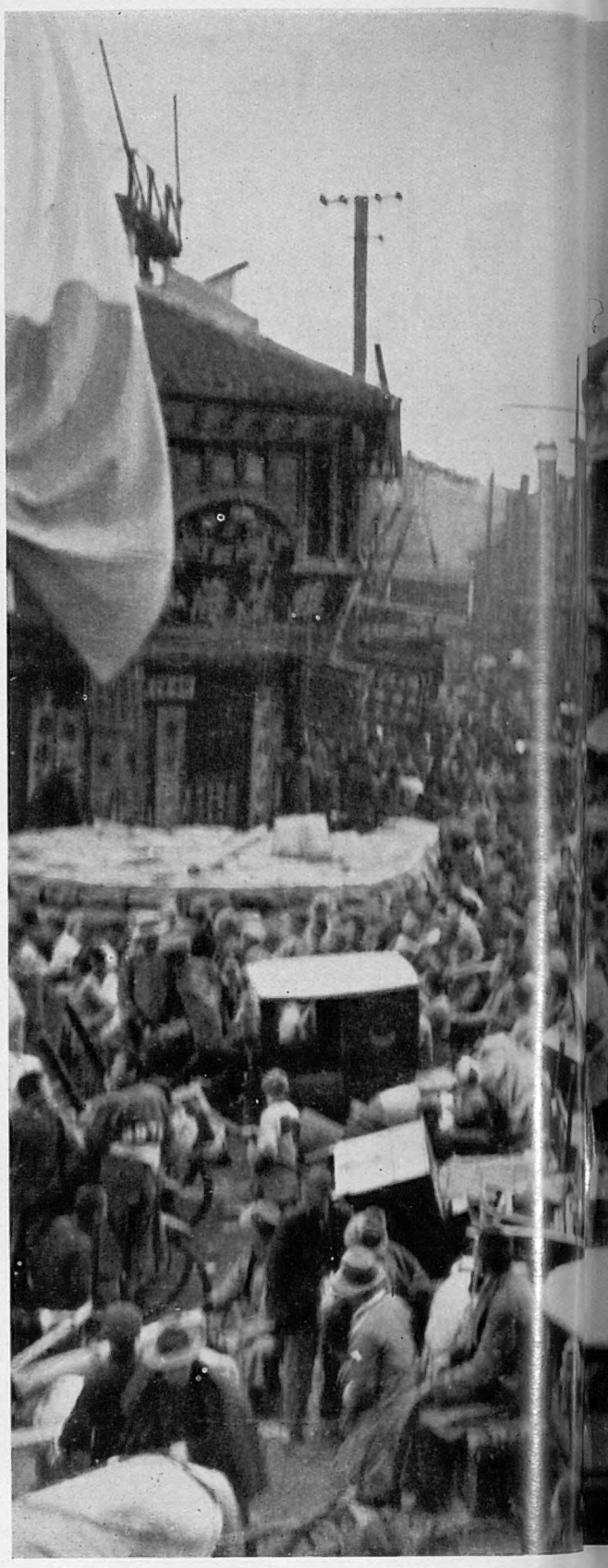
A Record of the Last Phase of the Japanese Attack in the Shanghai Area



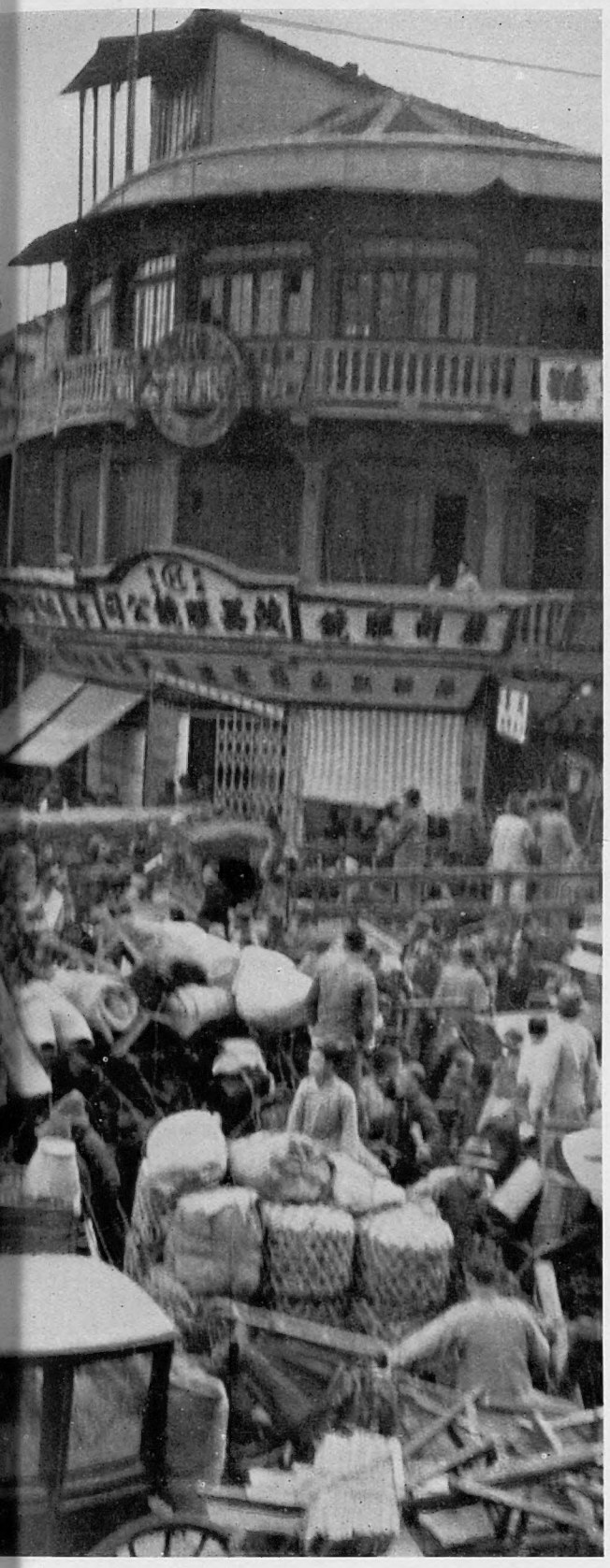
DAYS OF WANT: Carrying rolls of bread to a refugee camp in the French Concession where thousands of Chinese have found sanctuary since the Japanese occupied the Nantao quarter of Shanghai and in so doing made themselves masters of the whole city. A picture which, together with the others on these pages, deals with a phase of the war hitherto not fully recorded pictorially



WHILE THE BRITISH TROOPS KEEP FIT practising football outside their quarters in the Jessfield sector of Shanghai, the French also hold themselves ready for emergencies, as witness the parade of tanks seen below. At the time of writing things are fairly quiet in Shanghai, but the European forces have to be on the *qui vive*, for Chinese civilian feeling against the Japanese runs high



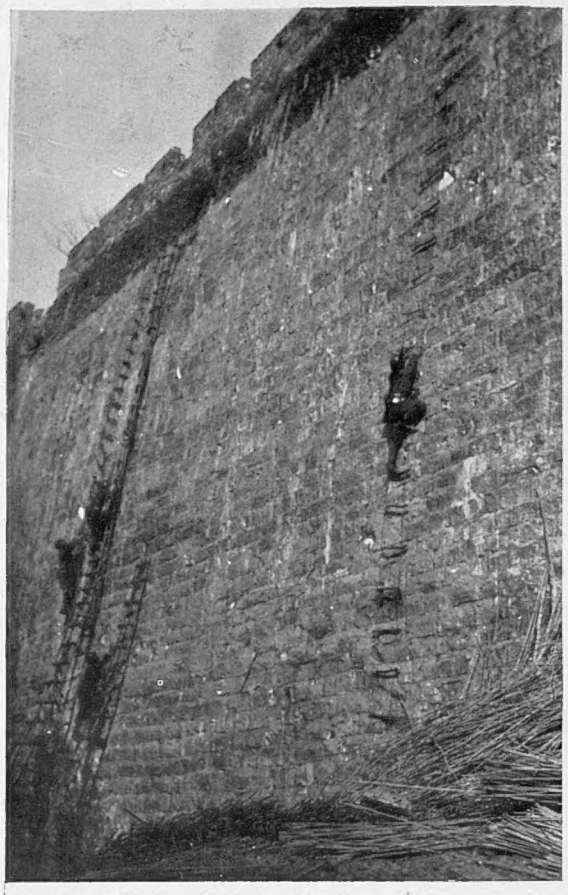
AS THE END DREW NEAR, and Japanese shells were falling without cessation in the Nantao quarter, the Chinese inhabitants, carrying with them everything they could possibly get together in the rush, streamed towards the French Concession in Shanghai to seek sanctuary. A picture that epitomises the Chinese tragedy

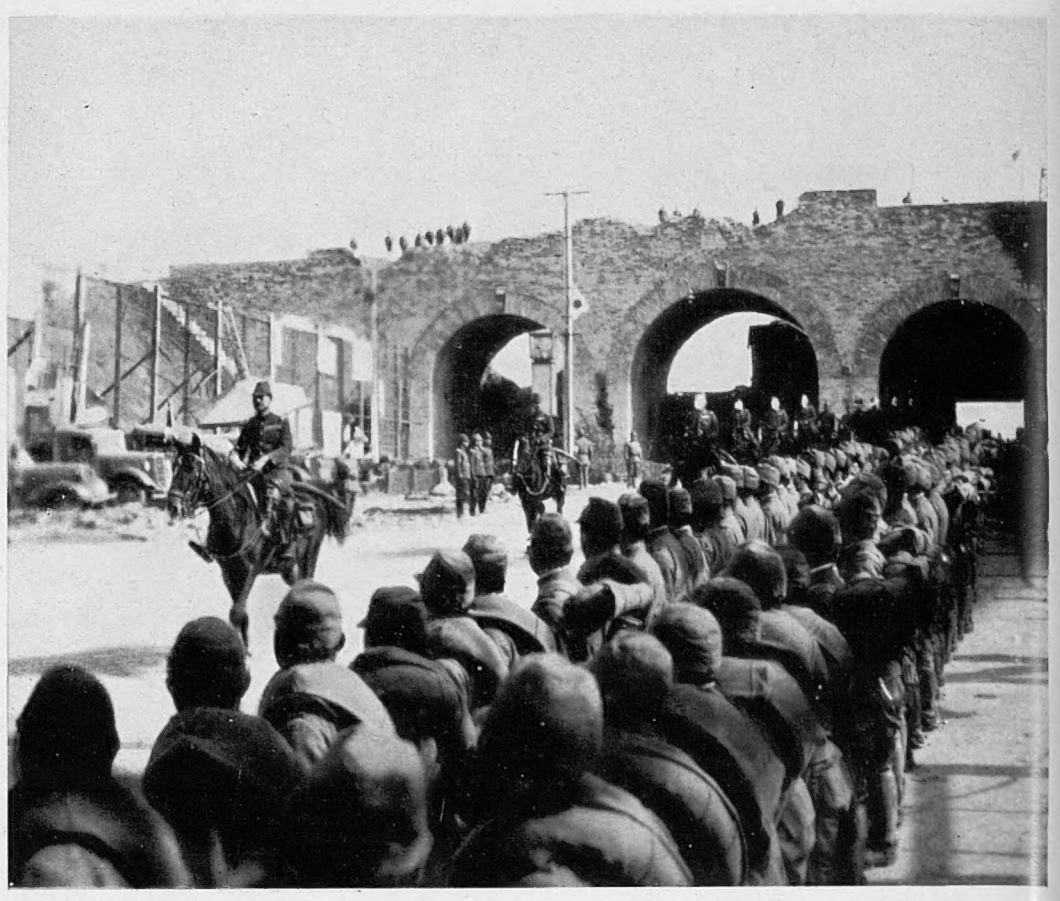


AT THE BARRICADES: Another picture taken as starving Nantao refugees, who were clamouring for admittance to the French Concession at Shanghai, were given food by the French authorities. A French soldier is superintending distribution. The capture of Nantao by the Japanese and the flight of the Chinese was the last phase of the warfare in the Shanghai area, operations thereafter shifting north

WHAT AN INCENDIARY BOMB CAN DO: The scene of desolation after Japanese bombing planes had attacked a Chinese hospital, their projectiles causing the place to be burnt to the ground. Of all the contents only the iron bedsteads remained recognisable. *Below*—British soldiers filling sandbags in the Jessfield Park district of Shanghai. During the past few weeks they have been able, after a long period of anxiety, to take matters rather more easily and, by all accounts, they enjoyed a cheerful Christmas

Below—CLAMOURING FOR ADMITTANCE: The refugees from Nantao seeking admission to the French Concession. They were in such a state of hopeless panic that the police were compelled to use their batons freely to stem the wild rush and it was only with difficulty that order was eventually restored





Japanese troops pictured (*above on left*) as they scaled the walls of Nanking, more as a gesture than from necessity, during the final phase of the attack on China's capital city, which was captured without undue difficulty owing to the sudden collapse of resistance. *Above on right*—General Matsui, self-styled master of Shanghai, entering Nanking on horseback. The victory march was far from spectacular, the populace keeping within doors as the conquerors rode by

GENERAL MATSUI ENTERS NANKING

The Fall of China's Capital, and Japan's Victory March

The Capital Ships of To-morrow

A Formidable Array of 35,000-Tonners Built in Conditions of Utmost Secrecy

By FRANK C. BOWEN

WHEN the Washington Naval Disarmament Treaty laid it down that the maximum displacement of a cruiser should be 10,000 tons, and her biggest gun 8 ins. in calibre, the maximum immediately became the minimum. Every naval Power laid down vessels which came to be known as Washington cruisers. They had very obvious faults, and it was maintained that the Treaty had failed utterly on that account. When Japan torpedoed the London Naval Disarmament Treaty by walking out of the discussions, the agreed maxima of the capital ship, 35,000 tons displacement with 14-in. guns, had to be fixed with the proviso that Japan's action might naturally change everything. The result is that in capital ships the navies of the world are starting more or less level as they did in the case of the Washington cruisers, but nobody knows how they will end.

The race really started with little 10,000-ton German battleships which are now admitted to be very far from perfect. The naval clauses of the Treaty of Versailles bore very hard on Germany's national pride, so that when she contrived to build a very powerful motor battleship within the prescribed displacement their details were carefully shrouded in mystery, but the German Press was generously fed with hints of their revolutionary character. The Press of the whole world republished the German accounts, which are now known to be grossly exaggerated. France designed up to 26,500 tons in order to meet them; Italy immediately went to the limit of 35,000 tons to meet France; France responded with the same limit to meet Italy, and this caused Germany to do the same as soon as she could free herself from the Treaty of Versailles. Japan, the United States, and Great Britain have followed suit, the British plea to reduce the maximum size to 25,000 tons, or even less, having failed to convince the other Powers.

So it is the story of the Washington cruisers over again, without the knowledge that they could go no further. And, as in the case of the Washington cruisers, the standard size is not by any means the best for the requirements of some navies. Britain, depending on overseas food supplies for her existence, is in the unfortunate position of having to build up to whatever maximum is set by anybody who could possibly become an enemy, but many fleets would obviously be better served by a larger number of smaller ships, if only national pride would permit.

So the battle fleets of to-morrow will comprise a formidable array of 35,000-tonners, and their design offers an interesting commentary on the ideas and requirements of the different countries. It is an age of the greatest secrecy in naval affairs so that it is impossible to get any detailed information out of the clouds of rumour, but the general principles of most of the new ships are reasonably well known. It is very certain that the idea to which the British Admiralty resorted when they were in difficulties over the job of designing the *Nelson* and *Rodney* to limited displacement has been abandoned. In these ships there was a great saving in weight by concentrating the "vitals" which had to be protected with the strongest armour, so that the main battery of nine 16-in. guns is collected in a huge pyramid forward of the funnel, and astern of the ships there is a big "blind spot" on which none of their guns can be brought to bear. This principle was copied by the French in their 26,500-ton type, but all the 35,000-tonners have their main armament distributed forward and aft in the old way.

The first ships of the type which are likely to be ready for sea are the Italian *Littorio* and *Vittorio Veneto*, as they were laid down first in response to the French *Dunkerque*, and have been a long time under construction owing to the Abyssinian trouble, which checked their progress, although work was resumed with a rush last summer. Italy has imposed a very strict censorship, so that details are lacking, but before it operated it was generally known that they would mount nine 15-in. guns in triple turrets, one forward and two aft, with twelve 6-in. guns against torpedo craft, and no fewer than thirty-two anti-aircraft pieces. Also that they would carry four planes. They have been given great length in order to get high speed easily, although it is a great handicap should they have to be dry-docked outside their own area; rumour suggests a speed of 34 knots. That would be quite in keeping with the policy of the Italian navy, which has built the fastest cruisers in the world, but it is almost certainly exaggerated.

France replied to these two ships with the *Richelieu* and *Jean Bart*, laid down in 1935 and 1936. They are both being built in dry docks, the *Jean Bart* at St. Nazaire where the extraordinary expedient is being tried of making the Penhoet Company responsible for the forward end and the Loire Company for the after. These ships are to have a speed of 30 knots and be armed with twelve 13-in. guns of a new type which the French reckon to be quite equal to the older 15-in. pieces on account of their very high velocity, rapid rate of fire, and long range. Three more ships are to be completed in 1942, perhaps with a speed of 33 knots and an armament of 15-in. guns.

The news that Germany had already taken steps to follow France came as a surprise to the world in general in November, 1936, when it was revealed that one 35,000-ton ship was already laid down and soon afterwards it was reported that a second had been started, although actually this did not occur until early in 1937. Had Germany been left to consider nothing but her own strategical problems, it is probable that she would have stuck to the 26,000 tons of her previous class, but national pride would appear to have demanded that three of the biggest ships should be completed by 1941. This number is quite in accordance with her proportionate agreement with Britain; what the effect of our re-armament programme will be has not yet been settled. There is good authority for saying that the new ships will have a high but not extreme speed and excellent protection.

The British Admiralty prepared no fewer than eighteen plans before making its final selection in order that there might be no mistake. This is one explanation of the "bloated Admiralty staff" which has been so criticised, but it is sound economy when ships costing £8,000,000 apiece are concerned. *King George V*, *Prince of Wales*, *Anson*, *Jellicoe*, and *Beatty* are understood to be going to have a shaft horse-power of 166,000 for about 30 knots, mount ten or twelve 14-in. guns and similar batteries of 6-in. anti-torpedo and 4·7-in. anti-aircraft, while the Admiralty itself, which does not boast as a rule, has declared them to be the best protected ships known.

America is faced with the colossal cost of her construction. Against the £8,000,000 of the *King George V* class, complete, the lowest tenders from the private American yards were between £11,000,000 and £12,000,000, without the very expensive armament. The result is that the first two American ships of the type *Washington* and *North Carolina* were placed with the national dockyards, whose estimates were much lower, so much that the shipbuilding industry does not believe that it will be possible to adhere to them.

Japan's attitude is made more difficult to understand by Oriental politics and Oriental mentality. For the sake of prestige she will not be allocated a place which is second to anybody, but on the other hand she has not the slightest reason to build up to the maximum number of ships and certainly has no money to throw away. She therefore covers all her actions with intense secrecy, even the Diet not being allowed the slightest knowledge of how the money which it votes is to be spent. Naturally rumour is rife, and whether this rumour can be advantageous or harmful to Japan is an open question. It is known that two battleships were laid down during 1937, officially described as being "less than 40,000 tons each," and it is believed that two more will be built in the immediate future.

Finally comes Russia which, faced with the German fleet being rebuilt in the Baltic, projected three 35,000-ton ships, each armed with nine 16-in. guns, in 1937. The difficulty is that her own dockyards are quite incapable of building such ships in anything like reasonable time.

In any event, a squadron of ships of that size, with all the complications of modern men-of-war, would be quite useless to the Russian Navy at the present time and it remains to be seen whether these expensive monsters will not prove white elephants to certain other navies as well.

THE NEW COPTIC ABUNA in ABYSSINIA EXCOMMUNICATED

The Holy Synod of the Mother Church in Egypt Refuses to Recognise the Religious Leader Appointed by the Italians

UP IN ARMS: White-bearded Patriarch Yoannes XIX, supreme leader of the Coptic Church in Egypt, presiding over his colleagues at one of the meetings held in Cairo to discuss the turn of events in Abyssinia, where Italy has recently set up an independent Coptic Church, and appointed the Abuna Abraham, a local priest, to be its head. This was done without reference to the wishes of the Holy Synod in Cairo which, since the introduction of Christianity into Ethiopia by two Egyptian monks many centuries ago, has always exercised the right to nominate the Abyssinian Abuna and has maintained close contact with all his activities. On December 28 the Holy Synod decided to excommunicate the Abuna Abraham and all his supporters, a drastic action that has met with the approval of Egyptian Copts

THE NEWLY ELECTED HEAD OF THE NEW AUTOCEPHALOUS COPTIC CHURCH IN ABYSSINIA: The Abuna Abraham, a member of the local priesthood, who was appointed by Italy at the beginning of December and has now been excommunicated by the Holy Synod of the Mother Church in Cairo which from the first has refused to recognise him. To all intents and purposes this means the separation of the church in Egypt and in Abyssinia

THE ITALIAN VICEROY RECEIVES THE ABUNA ABRAHAM: Marshal Graziani, Marchese di Neghelli, welcoming the Italian-appointed head of the independent Abyssinian Coptic Church at the Vice-regal residence in Addis Ababa where the latter was solemnly invested early last month. Afterwards a special service was held in the Coptic Cathedral

FEELING IN CAIRO: A crowd gathered outside the Coptic Patriarchate following the news of Italy's appointment of the Abuna Abraham. *On right*—These richly embroidered robes were presented in 1931 by the Abyssinian branch of the Coptic Church to the Patriarch of the Egyptian Mother Church

b

THAT THE SOVIET FIGHTING MACHINE HAS FEW EQUALS has been amply demonstrated in the Spanish Civil War, where it has been tested under the most exacting conditions of warfare

Spain : The Testing Ground

Of Modern Weapons of Warfare : Russia, Italy, and France Try Out New Type Guns and Flying Machines

By B. L. JACOT

I SHARED the back seat of a Renault saloon car with the elderly correspondent of a Paris newspaper when I made the trip up towards the fighting on the Guadalajara front, and like most Frenchmen he knew a war when he saw one. "You will find that war has grown up," he warned me. "What a shop window for the soldiers of the world!"

As a testing ground for modern fighting machinery the civil war in Spain is without precedent. My friend and I lived for four days in the back seat of that Renault; it seems he had been a staff major. He certainly was right about the shop window. The U.S.S.R. have proved that they turn out a fighting aircraft second to none. The efficiency of Italian Savoia bombers no longer is guessed at. The French can turn out small tanks that go anywhere in almost any conditions, certainly as fast as cavalry chargers at top speed. The insurgents have a machine-gun, said to be made in Czechoslovakia, which delivers a death stream sounding like tearing calico. The large reward offered for one of these guns, whole or in part, had occupied my friend during the winter and early spring of this year (1937), but he never found his machine-gun.

With my permit as a correspondent for an English newspaper I saw these Czech guns in action. My first impression of big scale fighting was a rapid readjustment of my own ideas of conditions under fire. There is no longer in warfare the old tat-tat-tat-tat to the tempo of the Lewis guns of the great war. Machine-guns rip in an unbroken scream, and they can be fired from the hip as a machine-gunner advances.

In the limited amount of fighting I saw in Spain this push for Madrid on the Guadalajara front was the only occasion on which I actually saw foreign troops in organised units. There are said to be German artillery units with the insurgents: admittedly there are Italian artillery units and air squadrons operating under General Franco. Soviet machines and pilots are fighting on the Government side. But in this fighting for Madrid Italian troops took part in so-called divisions—three, it was reported, but from what I saw, and from all reports, I should not think there were more than 3,000 Italians in all.

The Italian Savoia Sr 4 bombers opened the attack in a perfectly organised and executed raid, and as a marked characteristic of modern warfare demoralised the Government troops. Formations arrived like clockwork over the width of the horizon, dropped their bombs, and retired, still in geometric formation with the specks that were fighters high overhead. They appeared to be in no way inconvenienced by the defence. When the infantry came out of the trenches across the valley the Government troops were already in retreat. Four Press correspondents in a new Renault car were in the van of that retreat, and as one who had advanced under creeping barrages in the great war I was much impressed by the Italian air operations.

The Italians, supported by insurgent troops, advanced too rapidly, and I followed the success of the Government troops as they drove the Italians, with heavy losses, back into their original positions. The Czech machine-gun I saw used in this open fighting with deadly effect. Gunners advance in open order in front of the infantry, and each gunner, firing in a curious crouched position, seems to be attended by an arrow-head of perhaps five or six ammunition-carriers. The tearing noise of those guns is like no machine-gun fire I have ever heard. If the gunner falls, a man moves up to take over the gun.

The Government troops were well provided in this action with the French tanks, known as *mouquettes*—I never saw the word written, but I believe they are made by Renault. Their mobility was amazing. I saw a unit of fourteen charging across country, turning retreat into a complete rout. With guns tearing, individual tanks would chase scattering infantrymen, overrun the rout, and turn back to mow through the enemy again. Cavalry obviously cannot compare in those conditions. Each charger, under modern conditions of warfare, would have to carry three or four machine-guns in constant action and be practically invulnerable to fight on level terms with, at any rate, a *mouquette*.

We encountered many of these tanks clearing up later. Roads — particularly junctions — had been accurately bombed, and transport of all kinds was undertaken by these vehicles over the ruined ways of communication. The craters did not compare with my recollection of craters on the Western front. Perhaps the bombs were lighter, for the pits were generally about 2 or 3 ft. deep and 6 ft. across. These craters were disregarded by the tanks. Even the troop-carrying Soviet tanks lurched through without deflecting. I saw no horses or mules in the three days' fighting. Mechanisation, in my opinion, is inevitable, and the British Army has done no more than bring itself up to date in saying farewell to its horses and its cavalry as such. So much, at any rate, the fighting in Spain must have shown.

The Government forces are magnificently equipped with Soviet-made aircraft, and all the pilots I have talked with were Russian. The Italian Savoia bombers are tremendously effective, and the bombing accurate to a degree I thought (as an old great war pilot) frankly impossible. But the Soviet have an enormous bomber, with three Diesel engines housed inside the mono-wings. Mechanics tend the engines in flight, working on platforms built round the motors. I was informed these machines carry forty-three fighting men, and there certainly appeared to be room for them

STALEMATE ON THE MADRID FRONT: Wrecked buildings in the University City pictured from Franco's front lines, which for rather over a year have remained more or less static just on the outskirts of the metropolis

WITHIN MADRID'S HINDENBURG LINE: An officer entering one of the fully protected dug-outs in the elaborate—and so far impregnable—defence system built by the Government forces round the city. On right and left are sandbag walls

All wording on the fuselage and on the metal of the motors was in Russian characters. I never saw any of them in action.

The finest aircraft in Spain, however, is unquestionably the Russian single-seater fighter. On several occasions I have seen these machines—Mk III low-wing monoplanes with radial engine and retractable landing gear—come into action at an estimated speed of 300 m.p.h., like arrows out of the blue. Their power dive is incredible, and the manœuvrability amazing. In the region of Madrid, insurgent bombers drop their bombs and get away without wasting a second; the Italians never wait for the Russian fighters. In the only actual running fight I witnessed, four Russian C N T machines chased two bombers and escort out to the horizon, shooting them up from all angles. On a low flying Russian Noir I saw three guns in action simultaneously. There are said to be six guns to each machine, operated by the pilot; but I never saw one of these supreme fighters on the ground. Our air force must have a prodigious machine if we have anything to fight these Russian aircraft on equal terms. I am told we have a better machine.

There are German units flying with the armies of General Franco, but it is generally held that they have nothing to compare with the U.S.S.R. fighting machines. I never saw any German machines in action. I never saw a British machine, or a British pilot in Spain, although there seem to be many Americans and Dutch. Italian pilots are fighting on both sides—expatriates and Fascists!

When we finally reached Madrid in our battered Renault, my distinguished French friend, taking his leave of me, said: "It is like seeing each player's hand before a game of cards begins, eh?" I agreed with him. After all I had slept for three nights with my head pillowed on his generous waistcoat. But, all the same, if you play cards you pay your own losings. Spain seems to be footing the bill for this testing of modern war material, and what Spain is going to get out of it remains problematical.

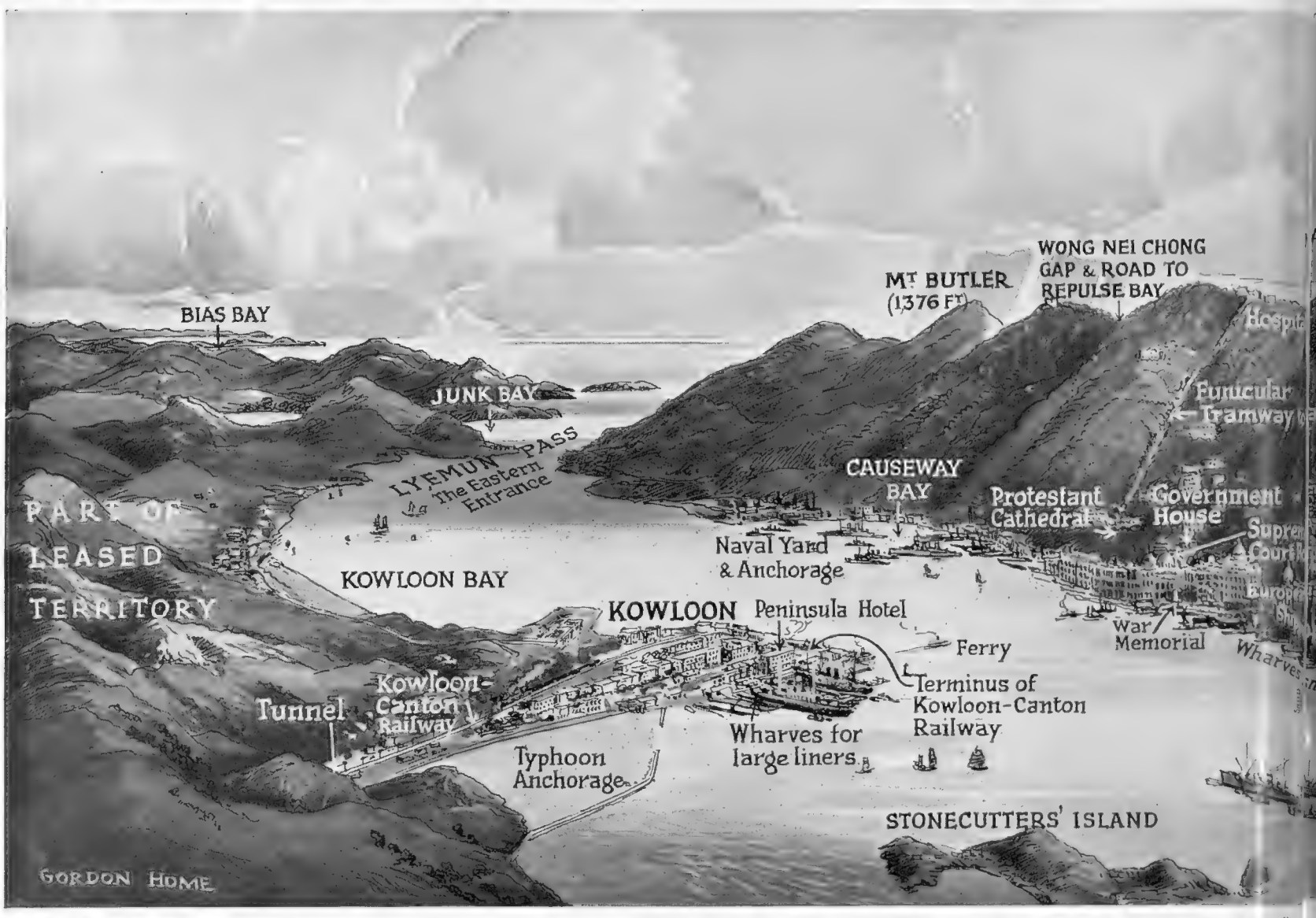
What They Are Wearing in Switzerland

CECILIA TRIES IT OUT

Miss Colledge, Britain's champion woman figure skater, wearing one of the new sail cloaks that have recently been introduced at St. Moritz and are proving so popular

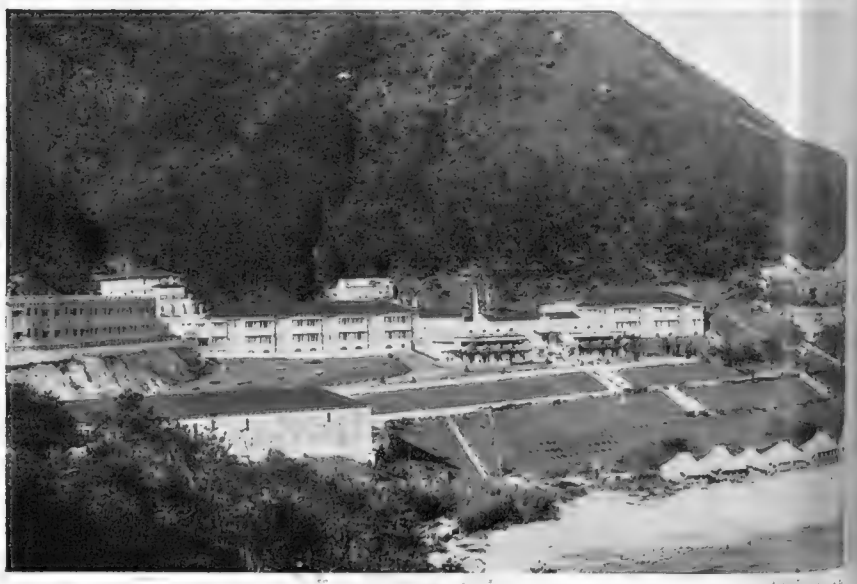
FAMILY ON SKIS: Mr. Leslie Burgin, the Minister of Transport, pictured with his wife and children at Davos where they are enjoying a winter sports holiday. All of them, it will be noted, wear trousers. *On left*—M. Jean Borotra, the lawn tennis ace, has a most elegant and serviceable sports outfit. *On right*—Herr and Frau Schroetter, of Hungary, have a very attractive get-up of plus-fours and Tyrolean jackets

WHERE BRITAIN ABUTS ON CHINA: *The Crown*



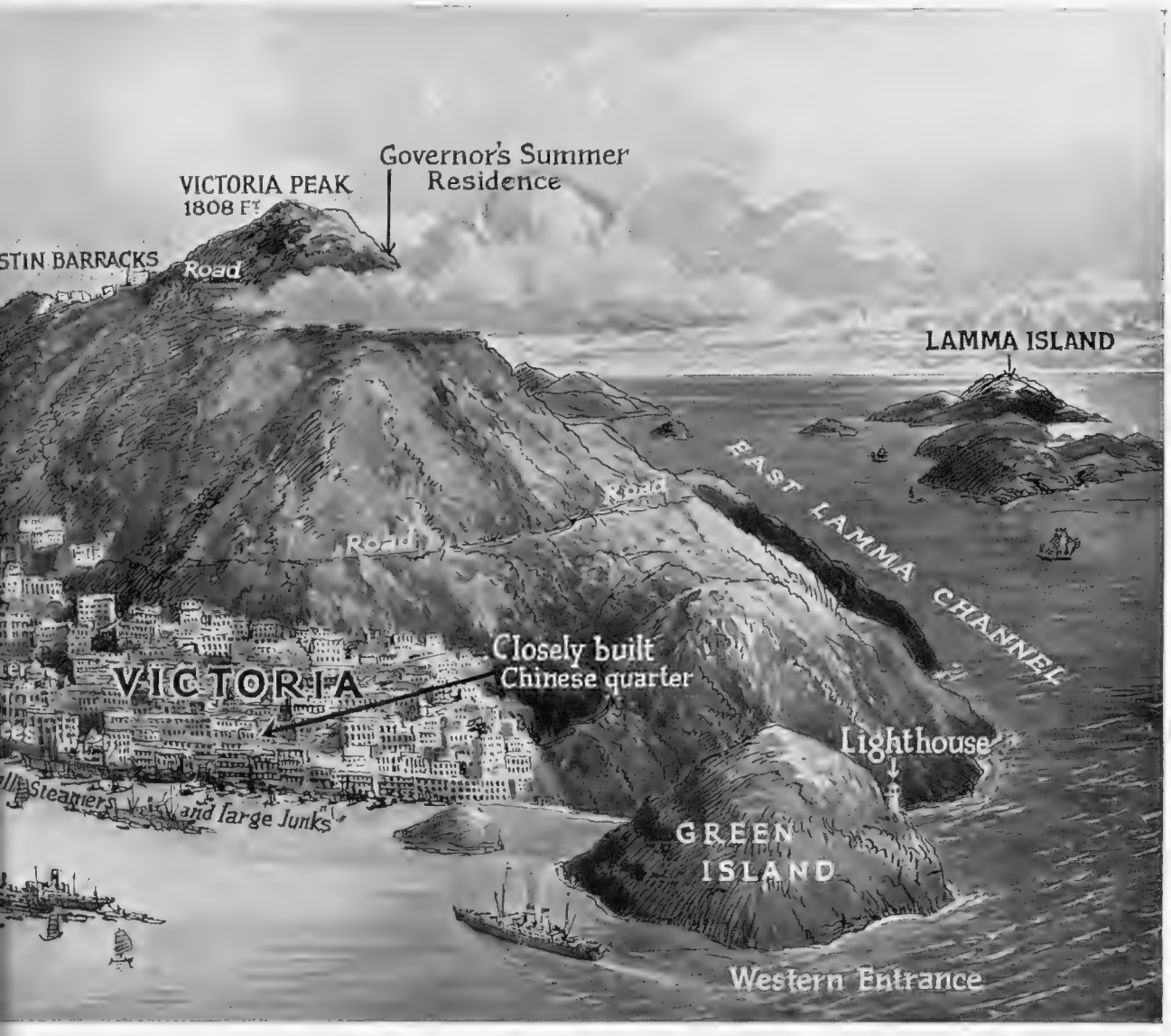
HONG KONG FROM THE NORTH-WEST: This diagrammatic drawing, specially made for "The Sphere" by Gordon Home, gives an impression of the topography of the British Crown Colony which, by reason of its proximity to China proper, is now so much in the news. A note by the artist, who is well acquainted with Hong Kong, appears above on the right.

COMMERCIAL HEART OF THE COLONY: A glimpse of some of the great business buildings on the Bund at Hong Kong, showing on the left the local office of Nippon Yusen Kaisha, the big Japanese shipping company which has world-wide ramifications. *Below*—Looking across the harbour from the peninsula of Kowloon to Victoria, the capital of the colony, and the mist-shrouded peak



BETWIXT MOUNTAIN AND SEA: Repulse Bay, a popular resort of Europeans resident in Hong Kong, lying on the south side of the island. The picture gives a good idea of the precipitous nature of the peak, which towers to a height of just over 1,800 ft. above sea level. *Below on right*—Chinese newsvendors in Hong Kong carrying bills inveighing in no uncertain fashion against the Japanese slaughter of civilians in the war zone

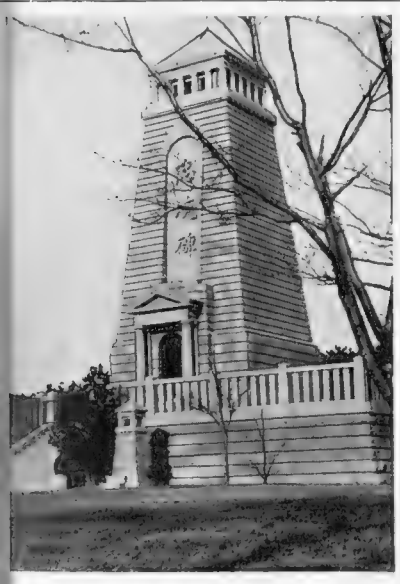
Colony of Hong Kong and its Rugged and Precipitous Setting



The town of Victoria, capital of the British Crown Colony of Hong Kong which was ceded to Britain in 1841, is prominent in the foreground of the accompanying drawing, and the Victoria Peak, the highest point of the island, rises precipitously above it, dominating the whole scene. The temperature of the Peak is so much cooler than in the town below that it is naturally sought as a place of residence during the hotter months of the year, the Governor and many officials having homes on the higher slopes.

Projecting into the centre of the harbour, one of the safest anchorages in the Far East, is the promontory on which is built Kowloon, the busy port where the great liners dock and the terminus of the railway linking up with the Chinese city of Canton, 70 miles distant. At the end of November the Chinese section of this line was repeatedly bombed by the Japanese, thus temporarily suspending the service and considerably affecting business interests. Kowloon was ceded to Britain by the Convention of Peking in 1860, and in 1898 the limits of British territory were enlarged by the inclusion of an additional portion of the mainland under lease for a term of ninety-nine years. The whole of these various areas is now administered as a Crown Colony.

The island itself, in spite of its precipitous nature, has excellent roads which cross it in half-a-dozen places and wind among the hills and down the valleys in picturesque fashion, giving a remarkable series of views over the wooded slopes to the sea beyond. On the southern side of the watershed there are a number of large reservoirs that are, however, now insufficient for the requirements of the rapidly-increasing population. Steps are being taken to make good the deficiency.



REMINDER OF THE JAPANESE OCCUPATION: The memorial erected by the Japanese at Tsingtao to their countrymen who perished in the great war. Japan took the city from Germany, which seized it from China in 1898. China received it back in 1922

JAPAN AND TSINGTAO

The Invaders Turn Attention to the Shantung Port Which They Took From Germany in the Great War and Later Returned to China

During the last days of December the treaty port of Tsingtao, on the Shantung coast, came right into the war news when it was reported that Japanese troops were advancing rapidly towards it and that the Manchurian forces in sympathy with China had, before evacuating the place, destroyed a vast proportion of the Japanese property there. In the accompanying article a "Sphere" correspondent gives a brief impression of Tsingtao and an account of its chequered history.

TSINGTAO, a treaty port on the coast of North China, is one of the finest and most beautiful cities of the Far East. The residential quarter of large, modern, European houses is set on wooded hills overlooking the harbour. Many of the houses are of strikingly new architectural design with flat roofs, circular verandas, and are painted pure white or in pastel shades of green, blue, grey, and pink. On the largest of the hills a new pagoda with a golden spire is being built, and near it is the luxurious modern house of a wealthy retired Chinese official. During the past ten years land speculators from Shanghai have invested large amounts in Tsingtao, but to-day "To Let" and "For Sale" signs hang conspicuously on every street.

Behind the wooded hills rise distant mountain peaks of which the most famous is Laoshan, one of China's beauty spots. Tsingtao means "azure island," and is named from an islet which holds a lighthouse in the bay.

The city, extending for several miles along a deeply indented bay, is divided into five sections: (1) The Administrative quarter, formerly the German quarter; (2) Japanese and Chinese commercial quarter, crowded with shops; (3) Western trade quarter where all the large foreign (excepting Japanese) firms have their offices and warehouses; (4) The new town quarter built by the Japanese during their occupation, containing all Japanese banks, and the offices of Japanese shipping and mercantile firms; (5) The summer residence quarter, seasonally filled with visitors from Shanghai.

Of late years Tsingtao has been increasingly popular with the multitudes of exiled Russians.

During the past half-century Tsingtao has had a variegated history. In 1898 Germany, after a show of force, seized it along with Kiaochow and certain railway and mining concessions in the interior of Shantung Province. It was the Germans who laid out the fine streets, planted trees, and generally laid the foundations for the beautiful city Tsingtao is to-day.

When the great war broke out in Europe Japan almost immediately joined the Allies on the stipulation that she should be allowed to attack German possessions in the Far East. Her first objective was Tsingtao and through it German interests in the hinterland. A Japanese fleet was sent to seize Tsingtao harbour while troops were landed at Lungkow, on the north coast of the promontory, to attack the city from the rear. But so well had the Germans built their fortifications that they were able to hold the city for nearly three months against combined Japanese military and naval forces.

When the great war ended Japan was allowed, by the Versailles Treaty, to keep the property she had won from the Germans in China, but the clause was extremely unpopular, with the United States in particular. In 1922 at the Washington Conference, before the Nine-Power Treaty was signed, Japan was persuaded to return Tsingtao and the other Shantung concessions to China. But the Japanese have retained large commercial interests there.

F. E. Dean

MOVEMENT IN EVERY LINE: This monument was erected by the Japanese at the entrance to a shrine in Tsingtao. It represents the late Emperor's favourite horse

MODERN TSINGTAO: A typical street in the business section of the city which owed its great industrial development to the Germans who occupied it in 1898

THE STRIKERS HELD THE FORT, occupying this Paris omnibus garage, but police and mobile guards were on duty outside during last week's general strike in Paris which, after a day of chaos, came to an end as swiftly as it began, thanks to the firm stand taken up by the Government. The vast majority of Parisians had to walk to work

PARIS HAD A SHOCK when her citizens went to work on December 29 and found, much to their surprise, that the essential services were out of operation. *Left*—Private cars thronged the streets, drivers giving lifts to as many people as possible, thus helping them to get to work without undue inconvenience. *Right*—Soldiers loading a wagon with foodstuffs at the Halles, the city's central markets, where all the porters were out on strike

MUTE BUT REPULSIVE WITNESS TO THE RESOLUTION OF THE STREET CLEANERS: Litter in the Halles, the Paris central markets, where the dustmen were on strike. Luckily the weather was cold so the garbage did no more than assault the eye

MAKING THE BEST OF IT: This party of winter sports enthusiasts arrived back at the Gare de Lyon on the morning of the strike and cheerfully plodded through the streets hoping, no doubt, for the chance to get a lift from a compassionate motorist

CAPITAL AND LABOUR AT GRIPS

In the Paris Strike Which Last Week Paralysed the Essential Services

A FIRM stand by the French Government resulted in a speedy finish to the lightning strike which on December 29 paralysed the Paris municipal services and transport system, causing many citizens much inconvenience on their way to work and depriving them of essential services.

That the crisis was resolved so swiftly was highly satisfactory, but it is deemed far from probable that industrial disputes in France are at an end, for the cleavage between capital and labour goes deep, and it will undoubtedly call for dexterity on the part of the present "middle-course" Ministry if a just balance is to be maintained.

While it lasted the strike made things extremely difficult. Throughout the day the Underground, omnibus, and tramway systems were at a complete standstill; all but the "key" distribution workers were out in the water, gas, and electricity services; none of the dustmen was on duty; there were only emergency staffs in the undertakers' offices; and the hospital employees ceased work from 2 to 4 p.m., though serious cases continued to receive attention.

The principal victims of the strike were the thousands of suburban workers who pour into Paris every day, many of whom had left home unaware that anything was amiss. Those living in the more distant suburbs were on the whole luckier than residents nearer to the centre of the capital, for they at least found a normal train service at their disposal and had, at the worst, to face a walk from the terminus to their places of work. A large number of others realised the truth only after arriving in blissful ignorance at their usual omnibus stops or Underground stations. Fortunately the taxi-drivers did not join in the strike movement, though not a few of them were believed to sympathise with it, and consequently a fair sprinkling of workers were spared a long journey on foot. The vast majority were forced to walk both to and from their shops or offices, and, to judge by their comment, an outward calmness failed to conceal deep resentment.

Thanks to the steps taken by the authorities and to a number of men who remained on duty, water supplies were normal and, as the police occupied the more important reservoirs, there was no danger of any shortage. The provision of electrical current was also assured, but the gas supply was limited to that in storage, and there was perceptible fall of pressure during the day.

No one at all familiar with labour conditions in France would attempt to fasten upon any one class sole responsibility for the dissensions and the mutual mistrust which have done so much to produce the economic and financial difficulties from which the country is suffering to-day, but perhaps the best summing up of the dangerous potentialities of the situation is to be found in an article which appeared in *The Engineer*, the important London trade journal, in an issue published at the beginning of last month.

The closing of the Paris Exhibition, the article stated, has ended the truce which was agreed upon by employers and labour six months ago when, at the instigation of the Government, the expired collective contracts were carried over for that period, the C.G.T. giving its consent to the truce on the Government's undertaking to introduce a Bill to create a monopoly for the supply of labour and to limit the right of employers to

(Continued on page 70)

BRITISH MILITARY COURTS AT WORK IN PALESTINE

Army Officers Who Can Impose the Death Sentence On Those Taking Part in the Campaign of Terrorism

IN SOLEMN SESSION: Major R. H. Welch, D.S.O., of the King's Own Royal Regiment; Major N. E. H. Sim, of the York and Lancaster Regiment; Lieut. D. M. South, of the Hampshire Regiment, and Major J. Y. Calwell, M.V.O., of the Royal Ulster Rifles, sitting in judgment at a military court held in Nazareth to try members of the population believed to have been involved in terrorist activities. The courts were set up on November 10 last following fresh outrages, and the officers may, if necessary, impose the death sentence on persons discharging firearms at troops or civilians and even on those carrying arms. They also deal with a great number of cases of sabotage and intimidation. Ranged behind the judges is a guard provided by the Hampshire Regiment

TELL-TALE EVIDENCE: Major N. E. H. Sim, of the York and Lancaster Regiment, examining with his fellow-judges, bombs and cartridges found in the possession of persons brought before their court for trial

AN ARAB DEFENDANT GIVES EVIDENCE: The accused protests his innocence while the interpreter listens intently so that he can give a faithful rendering to the judges of the arguments put forward. On the right stands a British guard with fixed bayonet

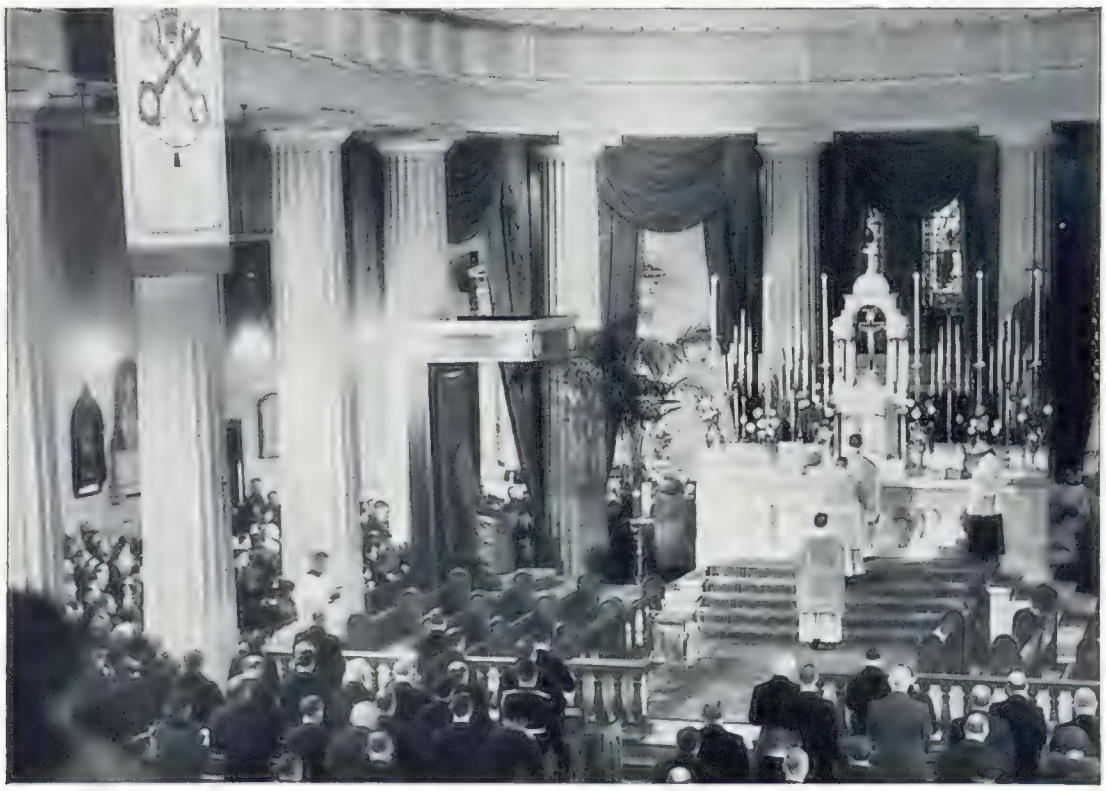
AT THE PRESS TABLE: Reporters, representing Jewish and Arab papers, recording the evidence, and (*on right*) Hanna Effendi Asfour, of Haifa, a noted advocate, who has been defending many Arabs up for trial

EXIT SAORSTAT EIREANN: ENTER EIRE

Inauguration of Ireland's New Constitution and Adoption of the New Name

BURYING THE FREE STATE: Mr. de Valera and his fellow Ministers looked far from cheerful at last week's ceremonial in Dublin when the new constitution was formally inaugurated and the name Saorstat Eireann (Irish Free State) was officially changed to Eire (Ireland). The old name will probably die hard, for people have become accustomed to it during the last fifteen years, and the idea that the twenty-six counties henceforward will be known officially as Ireland is not likely to be adopted with any enthusiasm. There is an element of unreality about it, and Ulster, into the bargain, is deeply affronted by what the loyalists term a "presumptuous claim"

VOTIVE MASS AT DUBLIN PRO-CATHEDRAL: Ministers of State arriving for the service held on the morning of December 29 to mark the beginning of the new constitution of Eire. In the background is the military detachment which provided an escort for Mr. de Valera as he drove through the streets. A salute of 21 guns was fired at the historic Royal Hospital at Kilmainham, and all the Government offices in the city, as well as Trinity College and other public buildings, were beflagged, but little or no public interest was displayed in the ceremony as a whole. Religious services were held also in St. Patrick's Cathedral and in the Adelaide Road Synagogue



BEFORE THE HIGH ALTAR: The votive mass in progress in Dublin pro-cathedral, a service attended by all the leaders of Church and State and one of several functions taking place in the capital city on Constitution Day

Poor Weather Flying in the R.A.F.

The Need for more Comprehensive Training in this Respect if Disasters are to be Avoided

AT a Royal Air Force Armament School, not so long ago, officers undergoing the course were due for a triangular cross-country flight of an hour's duration. Arrived back over the aerodrome they were to carry out a bombing exercise on it. Visibility at the aerodrome was over six miles, the pilots of the aeroplanes all had over 500 hours experience, and the officers who were acting as gunners and navigators for the exercises also had over 500 hours flying experience as pilots.

Just before the machines took off the Commanding Officer forbade them to leave as a report of comparatively poor visibility had been received somewhere along the route. The Commanding Officer was not going on the flight himself. He was remaining at the aerodrome superintending the flying. But though this was the case, if one of those machines had crashed in circumstances which suggested that the poor visibility encountered was responsible for it, then that Commanding Officer was liable to be blamed at the subsequent Court of Inquiry for ordering the machines to take off under those conditions.

The same tale, differing only in detail, can be heard at almost any R.A.F. aerodrome. Young pilots, eager to extend the limit of their experience by themselves learning just what weather is too bad for them individually to fly in, are denied the exercise of their own discretion by the man in authority on the ground who stands to gain nothing by encouraging them to do this, but rather lays himself open to censure if he does.

So long as a system such as this is in use, one can but sympathise with the senior officer on the ground who stands to lose so much. But its existence is the fundamental cause for the number of R.A.F. accidents which occur as a result of the failure of the human element in poor weather, a number which is rightly causing public concern.

Modern service aircraft are extremely fast. In the course of only an hour's flight they can cover a distance of 200 miles or more; and along 200 miles over England you can experience more variety of weather than over any other country in Europe or even the world. There comes a time, therefore, when the man on the ground who controls the flying of his pilots slips up. The weather report that he studied before sending them off on a couple of hours' flight proves wrong, as it inevitably does sometimes.

Two hundred miles from home, and over strange and, to the inexperienced pilot, forbidding country, his pilots flying along in what they were led to believe was clear weather find a mist closing around them. At first it is not bad. They can deal with it. Anyhow, they assure themselves, it must be only a local patch. The weather report was good. But as they charge along at 200 m.p.h., it swiftly gets thicker and thicker. They are forced down low in order to keep in sight of the ground. At a height of only 300 ft. the earth beneath them flashes past their wing-tips at fantastic speed.

The leader of the formation after ten age-long minutes of trying to recognise a landmark which will give him his position realises he is lost. A cold sweat breaks out on his forehead. The palm of his hand which grips the joystick becomes clammy. His free hand is trying to work the folds of his map, and all the while he is peering at the thick gloom ahead of him anxiously hoping that he will see that obstacle before he hits it. He signals to the formation to break up, each man for himself, if they had not done so already. And the thick air is filled with half a dozen 200-m.p.h. machines, all hopelessly lost, their pilots fighting a frightening situation which none of them had experienced before.

Over one of the pilots panic takes charge. Reason is expelled. He must get down, out of it, anywhere. He shuts off his engine. The sudden silence is broken only by the spit and bark of the throttled exhaust. He loses height. Then—WHAM! A sudden ghastly, tearing, rending crash—and all is still.

That is how these accidents happen. Their number can be reduced in a simple way. Pilots must be taught to increase the limit of their poor weather flying ability by being deliberately sent into the air from their home aerodrome on bad flying days. Only in this way will they learn how to combat the elements, when to turn back. Within easy distance of their aerodrome and flying over country they know as well as the gravel path from the tarmac to the mess, fear and panic will not enter their hearts. Reason will govern their actions. Psychological influence will be absent and danger will not exist.

Training along these lines would result in a considerable increase in the potential efficiency of the R.A.F.

Nigel Tangye

Lent by Lady Ludlow

A PROBLEM PICTURE: There is something both intriguing and curiously suggestive in this canvas by Gabriel Metsu (1630–1667) at the Royal Academy Exhibition of seventeenth-century European art which opened last Monday and bids fair to equal the success of the previous winter shows. Metsu was one of the most versatile painters of his age, being equally at home in depicting scenes of low life in street and tavern or in drawing-room conversation pieces. He is only one of many Dutch artists represented at the Exhibition, for the 17th century was a prolific period in the Low Countries

DUTCH DOMESTICITY

At the Royal Academy Exhibition of Seventeenth-Century Art

Lent by Viscount Allendale

On left—"THE EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE": Jan Steen, who portrayed so faithfully Dutch lower middle class and peasant life, painted this picture of a dissolute family, showing seven figures assembled in various attitudes in front of a house. *On right*—"Portrait of an Old Lady," by Franz Hals, the Haarlem portraitist, who painted so many peasant types

Lent by Christ Church, Oxford

RANK AND FASHION

At the European Art Exhibition

Lent by the Duke of Hamilton

Daniel Mytens painted this fine portrait of James, first Duke of Hamilton, depicting him in a magnificent suit of silver. The picture has hitherto been ascribed to the second Duke, a brother, but it is now definitely established as that of the soldier who commanded a British force under Gustavus Adolphus, who led a Scottish army into England and was finally defeated at Preston

SOLDIER *and* SAILOR

Portraits by Mytens of the Dukes of Hamilton and Buckingham

Lent by T. W. Fitzwilliam

Mytens, who was so much influenced by Rubens and who succeeded Van Somer as Court Painter in England in 1621, also painted this picture of the notorious George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham, the friend of James I and Charles I, who though a gallant figure of good looks and undoubted bravery earned the hatred of the nation. The Duke is shown as Lord High Admiral

Lent by Viscount Cobham

SOLDIER OF FORTUNE: Gerard Soest's portrait of Ferdinando Lyttelton (c. 1632–1674), the eleventh son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton and Groom of the Bed Chamber of James II, when Duke of York. He was killed on the Rhine while in command of a regiment of horse in the French Army. Altogether the artist did twelve portraits of Sir Thomas's sons, seven of which are still at Hagley, Worcestershire

Lent by Bruce S. Ingram

CATHERINE DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHAM: This portrait of the wife of the ill-fated George Villiers, the first Duke, is by Paulus Moreelse (1571–1638), a native of Utrecht, who shows his sitter wearing flowers in her red hair. The duchess was the daughter of Francis, Earl of Rutland, and seven years after her husband's assassination was married again, this time to Randal Macdonell, second Earl and afterwards first Marquess of Antrim, who raised forces for Charles I but following the civil war was allowed by the Cromwellians to return to England

ENGLISH DOMESTICITY *at the* ROYAL ACADEMY

Lent by Kenneth Clark

THE SALSTONSTALL FAMILY—THE VISIT TO THE BEDSIDE: This canvas by des Granges (c. 1611-1675), which is being displayed in Gallery I at the Royal Academy Exhibition of Seventeenth-Century European Art, is unusual in that there are few, if any, other outstanding English paintings depicting a bedside visit, and also it is the only large scale work by this artist that is at present known to exist. Des Granges came of a Guernsey family and is chiefly regarded as a miniaturist. Contemporary records speak of him as an oil painter, however, and the *Dictionary of National Biography* states that he was limner to Charles II in Scotland

Lent by the Marquess of Tweeddale

BY LELY'S GREAT RIVAL: Gerard Soest's portrait of Lady Margaret Hay, Countess of Roxburghe (1657-1753), the daughter of the first Marquess of Tweeddale. She is depicted wearing an amber satin dress and a blue sash, while in her hand she holds a theorbo, a two-necked musical instrument of the lute family, much in vogue in the seventeenth century. Soest came to England in the early 1640s

Lent by Lord North

CHARM OF THE RUFF: Cornelius Johnson's portrait of the Hon. Elizabeth North, younger daughter of Dudley, third Lord North (a conspicuous figure at Court and the discoverer of the value of the springs at Tunbridge Wells). The artist was the most advanced exponent of the native British style in portraiture when Van Dyck came to England

CHRISTMAS IN BETHLEHEM

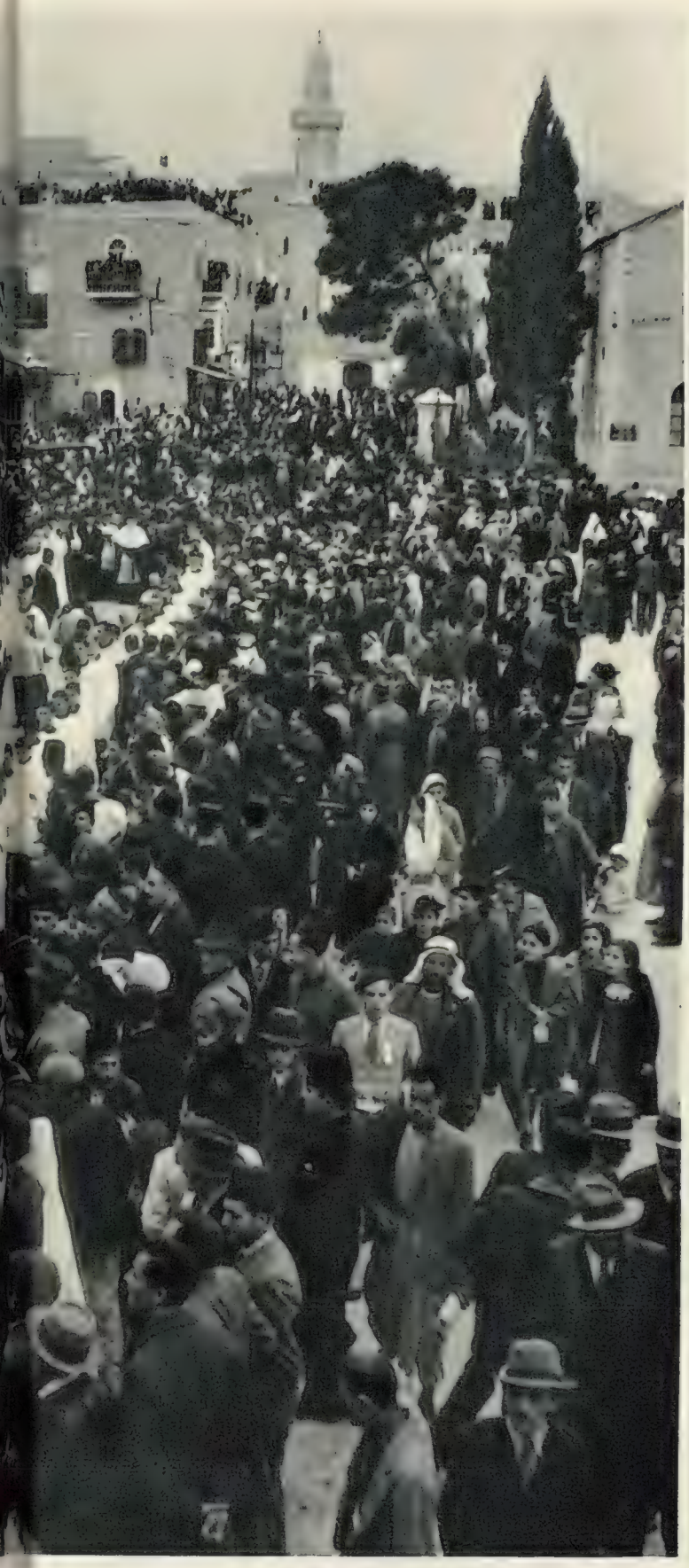
A Peaceful Time of Worship in a Land Still Torn by Strife

AT THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY NATIVITY: A group of clergy, included among whom is the Patriarch of Jerusalem, pictured about to enter the church to conduct the Christmas Day service which was attended by many notabilities from throughout Palestine

GROUPED BEFORE THE HIGH ALTAR: The Patriarch of Jerusalem and attendant priests pictured during the midnight Mass in St. Helena's, a Bethlehem church attached to the Monastery of the Nativity. In the foreground are a number of diplomatic representatives

PRIESTS PROCESS THROUGH THE STREETS OF BETHLEHEM watched by large crowds who, in accordance with religious custom, crowded into the city on Christmas Day. While peace reigned in the Holy Places there

SYMBOL OF THE NATIVITY: The crib in the crypt of St. Helena's, and in the background a mural of the Virgin showing the infant Jesus to the shepherds. At Christmas time many of the devout filed reverently past



came from other parts of the country alarming reports of racial disturbances, and in the hilly district to the west of Galilee detachments of the Hampshire, Border, and North Staffordshire Regiments engaged a large band of Arabs

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM: An imposing Christmas adornment, made up of glowing electric lamp bulbs, suspended above the high altar of St. Helena's Church. In the background is the great organ

MIDNIGHT MASS IN ST. HELENA'S, where the Patriarch of Jerusalem officiated before the Christmas morning service in the Church of the Nativity. The church is named after the consort of Constantine, who did so much to make the city a celebrated sanctuary

WOMEN OF BETHLEHEM pictured during the service in St. Helena's wearing the curious pointed headdress of white cloth which is shaped over a piece of wood. It is believed to have originated in crusading days and in some ways is quite reminiscent of Breton headgear

A NEWCOMER TO PANTO': Jill Esmond who plays principal boy in *Beauty and the Beast* at the Lyceum, bringing a real acting quality to her part, in addition to an easy poise and clear diction

THE NEW YEAR AND THE THEATRE

The "Dream"—A Mighty Silly Shakespearean Play Clothed in Glorious Poetry: The Christmas Pantomimes: The Visit of the Poles

By PHILIP PAGE

LET us clear our minds of cant and Bardolatry in the matter of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. This is a mighty silly play clothed, for the most part, in glorious poetry. The position being so simple, I do not see that any producer has anything to boggle at; let him see to it that the poetry is *heard*, and spoken with such ability as the players possess, and let all the rest be regarded as incidental.

Mr. Tyrone Guthrie, who is responsible for the present production at the Old Vic, has, it appears, been doing quite a lot of boggling, which has culminated in a "Producer's Note" in the programme. Such things are a feature of the Intellectual Drama nowadays and have their pleasant side in that they presume intelligence on the part of the audience, who are thus taken into the confidence of the management and given a sort of mental peep behind the scenes. As a possibly old-fashioned stickler for illusion at all costs in the theatre I do not care for them, because I do not think audiences should be given peeps behind the scenes, not even mental ones.

Henry Irving, who knew more about Shakespearean production than most people, ancient or modern, gracefully described himself in his curtain speeches as the public's "most faithful and humble servant." But it would have been inconceivable to Irving to allude to the methods and ideals of his productions in a semi-apologetic vein in the programme. And I think he was right.

Mr. Guthrie, concentrating on the incidentals, has some interesting, if not particularly novel, things to say in comparing the modern and the Elizabethan stages. In describing his style of production in this case as early Victorian, he adds that such a style "has not been arranged merely to be amusing." That is a very characteristic remark of the present-day way of thinking in all matters artistic, not solely those concerning the theatre.

Why should Victorianism in this respect be considered, as a matter of course, even in part "amusing"? Were all its responsible figures without exception ludicrous half-wits? Mr. Guthrie correctly calls Mendelssohn's incidental music to this play "a classic in its own right"—and Heaven be thanked that he has used it!—but he has less correctly called it "inescapably early Victorian" and as such it is, presumably, also to be regarded, in quite a kindly way, as rather funny. Since some of this music was composed a good many years before Queen Victoria came to the throne I cannot see that there is anything inescapable in the association.

The stage pictures Mr. Guthrie has secured, including his "operatic fairies in white muslin flying through groves of emerald canvas," are so charming that there need not have been even the remotest suggestion of apologising for them. The moon and the wood and the majority of Mr. Oliver Messel's rather mixed collection of costumes are delightful, as are the ballets and the commendable speed and spirit with which the piece is played. Mr. Guthrie knows his oats here and everything is workmanlike, by which I do not mean to imply that charm is ruled out.

Yet all such points, important though they are, are really incidental. If only Mr. Guthrie had spent a quarter of the time it took him to write that note in the programme in telling his company to speak up, and in seeing that they obeyed him (though that may have taken longer) this revival would have been at least four times as good. A more confidential performance of any Shakespearean play I have never experienced. The majority of the cast seemed determined to regard those lovely lines as too good for the vulgar mob on the other side of the footlights; they enjoyed them among themselves in whisperings and mumblings.

There were a few exceptions, among them being Mr. Robert Helpmann. I would have expected Mr. Helpmann's Oberon to be the essence of agile grace, for he is a dancer from the Sadler's Wells ballet, and a very good dancer too. Shortcomings in speaking blank verse could have been forgiven a ballet-dancer. But there were no shortcomings to forgive; here is the ideal Oberon. Master Gordon Miller's Puck, on the other hand, was a sad disappointment. I do not think little boys should play Puck at all, for they cannot have either the mentality or the experience. If they do, their mentors should impress on them the fact that while Shakespeare's fairies have sometimes to be invisible, they must never be inaudible. This very well brought-up little boy was seen but not heard.

All the clown scenes were perfectly audible—to those who find this brand of Shakespearean humour a little trying—only too audible. Possibly with shame do I confess that the comedy of Messrs. Quince, Snug, Flute, Snout, etc., however well performed, plunges me into profound depression when it does not, in the words of Bottom himself, "induce an exposition to sleep." The Old Vic audience, however, received it good luck to 'em, with shrill yells of joy, which may prove a lot of things, even that fashions in stage-humour do not change to the extent generally supposed.

Mr. Ralph Richardson as Bottom discarded convention in both buffoonery and appearance. Without his ass's head he suggested Sam Weller without his hat—a lively cockney of almost any period. There was nothing Athenian about him. How could there be? Shakespeare's clowns in the *Dream* are just Warwickshire rustics; and none knew this better than Shakespeare.

"Aladdin."—*Aladdin*, the pantomime at the Adelphi Theatre, is louder than *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and funnier. I could not help thinking that Mr. Arthur Riscoe, who plays Widow Twankey, would be (no discourtesy intended to Mr. Richardson) an ideal actor to play Bottom. He has a rich, resonant, and almost George Jackleyan voice—alas for Londoners that that great pantomime comedian, Mr. Jackley, is now pantomiming it in distant Peterborough!—which can "roar and roar again," and he has all Bottom's lovable arrogance. Which means that as the Widow, he is not the sort of woman to be put upon, even when her son, Aladdin, is played by Miss Elsie Randolph who, in or out of pantomime, always seems to impress one with her own conviction that the duty of a leading lady is to lead—as, of course, it is. She makes a graceful and active principal boy.

MERLE OBERON AND BINNIE BARNES shine in *The Divorce of Lady X*, a Korda production in technicolor at the Odeon Cinema, Leicester Square. The cast is a strong one as it also includes Ralph Richardson who is very popular with American audiences

On right—HUSBAND AND WIFE CO-STAR: Frances Dee and Joel McCrea who were married four years ago and are now appearing together on the screen for the first time in *Wells Fargo*, the great dramatic picture which touches upon such outstanding events in American history as the Mexican War, the Civil War, the discovery of gold, the invention of the electric telegraph, the pony express, and the formation of the first direct communication between East and West

JACK BUCHANAN AND ELSIE RANDOLPH, whose stage partnership in *This Will Make You Whistle* was such a pronounced success, play opposite each other in *Smash and Grab*, an original story written and directed by Tim Whelan. Mr. Buchanan has the part of a detective

SACHA GUITRY EXPLAINS: France's master of light comedy, who is now devoting so much of his attention to films, outlining to his fellow players on the set the next scene to be shot in his film *Désire* in which he plays the part of a valet who falls in love with his mistress. This is the screen version of M. Guitry's own play in which he appeared on the London stage about five years ago

Miss Jean Colin looks as pretty as a peach as the Emperor's daughter, and if she is not precisely a *pêche Melba*, she can sing remarkably well. The Emperor himself, Mr. Arthur Rigby, Jnr., with an almost startling resemblance to the late Oscar Asche in *Chu Chin Chow*, gave one of the best performances—so excellent, in fact, that I regretted that the Imperial part consisted of a few lines only. Mr. W. S. Percy was as amusing as any Grand Vizier is ever allowed to be, and his diction is something which inaudible mumblers in higher-browed surroundings should mark, and, if possible, imitate. Mr. Charles Austin, again a P.C.—but not Parker—brought the ripe and juicy humour of the Mile End Road to pantomime Pekin, and the Brothers Egbert slithered and tumbled about the stage with all their old verve, to the huge delight of the kiddies and of myself.

The management have given most lavishly in this pantomime, which is a generous and satisfying show. But I wish they had not given to the aforesaid kiddies and to others toy Pan-pipes, whose whistlings and tootings what time the band did not drown them made the auditorium a place of maddening din.

"Cinderella."—This pantomime, which was last year a success at the Coliseum, is now at the Prince's Theatre, with some important additions to the cast, the most important being Mr. Stanley Lupino as Buttons. Most accomplished comedians are eager to show their hand at a bit of pathos, and Buttons is one of those parts which affords such an opportunity. Mr. Lupino takes his chance, yet without too heavy a hand, which is as well, for we do not want to wax solemn over Mr. Lupino but to laugh at him, and we are not disappointed. Cinderella herself, on the other hand, must be as prettily pathetic as possible—indeed, the prettier and the more pathetic the better. Miss Greta Fayne has good looks in abundance and since she can also act, plenty of point is given to her romantic scenes, for Cinderella is, as Marie Lloyd used to sing, "not quite like other girls," that is to say, other principal girls. Miss Madge Elliott, a dashingly handsome Prince Charming, is most prince-like and most charming.

A BIG MOMENT IN THE POLISH BALLET: This setting, representative of Hell, was perhaps the most notable feature of *The Legend of Cracow*, one of the ballets presented by the Warsaw Company which recently made its debut at Covent Garden. *See* note below by Philip Page

"A Lady's Gentleman."—There are two points that are remarkable about *A Lady's Gentleman*, a new comedy at the Vaudeville. One is—and this is quite remarkably remarkable—that it has been adapted from the Hungarian and yet is a very good play indeed. Another is the excellence of Mr. Ronald Squire's acting, though that is less remarkable, since Mr. Squire's acting we expect to be excellent. Here he plays a valet, which he has, I think done before, though not such an interesting valet as this.

When one sees Mr. Squire as a gentleman's gentleman, one realises that he is not destined to spend the whole play in immaculate domestic service, and in saying "very good, sir" to people obviously less brainy and less well-bred than himself. One is not surprised when other things happen to Mr. Squire, in the region of politics and divorce. The working out, most neatly, of quite an intriguing plot involves the retirement of Mr. Squire and a very beautiful lady to manage a sawmill—which is not a spot I should choose for retirement, even with a very beautiful lady, in this instance Miss Margaretta Scott. It would be far too sesquipedalian an estimate of Miss Scott's acting to say that never in any part in any play does she put a foot, or anything else, wrong. The last time I saw her she was in a very bad play. This one is quite the reverse.

The Polish Ballet.—The sojourn of the Polish Ballet at Covent Garden was somewhat shorter, I fancy, than was originally intended. Artistically their visit is certainly not to be regretted and the comparative lack of support given to their season, which closed last week, does not mean that the vogue in London for ballet is in any degree on the wane. But it does mean that the ballet public likes a few star performers in any troupe.

The Poles showed general all-round excellence, and their choreography was extraordinarily good. But there were no outstanding figures in the company, whose repertory—and this is another point—was much too small.

OBJECTS OF ARTISTIC DISPUTE: Visitors to the National Gallery examining the four panels, attributed to Giorgione, which were recently acquired for the nation and the authenticity of which is now being challenged by many critics. They are painted on wood and each measures approximately 64 sq. ins.

THE GIORGIONE CONTROVERSY

Some Notes on the Heated Question of the Authenticity of the Panels Recently Acquired by the National Gallery

A CLOSE UP OF THE DEBATABLE PANELS which were bought for £14,000 by the National Gallery but, according to many contemporary artists and critics, are far from being masterpieces, revealing no ease of craftsmanship and cramped composition

Since the purchase by the National Gallery of the panels attributed to Giorgione, that well-nigh mythical figure among Italian artists, controversy has raged over the question of their authenticity, many artists having written to the press either to support or challenge claims that have been made. In the following note Mr. James Greig, the well-known art critic, gives his viewpoint. He regards the panels as "unimportant little pictures."

The question of the Giorgione miniatures and their excessive price may be discussed in a few words. Their history is far from convincing. It is said they were first found in Malta, priced at £4, and afterwards bought by a Viennese dealer at approximately £200. Then the panels came to London, and were acclaimed as masterpieces by Giorgione, and acquired for the National Gallery at a cost of £14,000, a sum justified by only authentic work of the highest artistic importance. Lord Duveen, who is an astute dealer, declared that he would have paid £30,000 for the pictures had the nation not acquired them, but, in spite of his faith in them, one doubts if the amiable Mr. Berenson would have guaranteed them as by Giorgione, even with the assurance of Mr. Ormsby-Gore or Mr. Kenneth Clark, the Director of the National Gallery. I have a considerable respect for Mr. Clark's opinion; as for the qualification of the Secretary for the Colonies as an art expert, I am ignorant, and as Mr. Clark has not told me the names of the "good judges" called in by the Trustees to assess the worth of the panels, their favourable opinions cannot be considered.

While admitting that there are perhaps only two of Giorgione's paintings which can be ascribed to him without question, these, Mr. Clark told a representative of the *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, with twelve or so "doubtful" specimens, form a kind of nucleus of his work, and "there is considerable evidence that the new panels in the National Gallery are actually from Giorgione's own hand." My belief is that these unimportant little pictures will ultimately be permanently classed in the "doubtful" category.

Almost as little is known of Giorgione's life as of his art. He is said to have been born the son of humble parents in 1477 at Castel Franco, a little village north of Venice. He studied art under Giovanni Bellini along with Titian and Palma, and introduced a new spirit to the Venetian School of Painting. He was an excellent musician and his playing of the lute and his handsome presence won for him great popularity. Unfortunately, he died of the plague on November 8, 1510, at the early age of forty-three. The two unquestioned Giorgiones mentioned by Mr. Clark are the "Madonna with St. Francis and St. Liberale" at Castel Franco, and "The Tempest" now in the Academy, Venice.

DISCOVERED IN 1933: The "Æneas and Anchises" picture which was brought to light in an attic in an Italian villa and attributed to Giorgione. Its authenticity, like most of the other works connected with the Venetian artist, still remains doubtful

So many of the early paintings of Giorgione have been lost, and so many works have been erroneously ascribed to him, that most people in the art world are justifiably cautious before hailing any new discovery as authentic. As pointed out above there are many who do not accept as Giorgione's the panels that have just been acquired by the National Gallery, and the latest person to doubt their origin is Dr. Roberto Longhi, Professor of Art History at Bologna, who has authorised the statement that they seem to be "scarcely even modest Bergamasque productions in the following of Palma Vecchio." His opinion thus coincides with that expressed by Dr. Tancred Borenius, who first publicly questioned the attribution of the panels, to Giorgione. Dr. Borenius has accepted Dr. Richter's view that the panels were painted by Previtali, "a minor Bergamasque under the influence of Palma." Dr. G. M. Richter is famous as an authority on Giorgione

AUTHENTIC GIORGIONES: *Left*—"The Madonna" with St. Francis and St. Liberale and *(right)* "The Tempest." Two pictures that are generally accepted as the works of the Venetian master

OLD CROCKS FORGATHER

Cars of Pre-War Vintage Parade at a Boston Country Club's Automobile Gymkhana

OLD STYLE HITCH-HIKING: Two ladies, dressed in motoring-wear of the 1900s, try to "thumb a ride" from Mr. Theodore Colcord Baker who drove an ancient two-cylinder Ford at the automobile gymkhana, held a short while ago at Brookline Country Club, near Boston, Massachusetts. The event was a great success, many members of the club dressing up for the occasion, and a surprisingly large number of veteran cars was assembled, most of them after lying disused in garages for two decades or more

BOSTON ATTICS WERE RANSACKED for these veils and dust-coats which lent such a touch of realism to the scene at the Brookline Club's parade of veteran automobiles

STILL GOING STRONG: This two-cylinder Renault, with its great brass carriage lamps and other antiquated features, was only one of hosts of old crocks which their owners resurrected for the gymkhana. In the background is the Brookline Club. *Below*—Mr. Kirkland Gibson seen at the wheel of a chain-driven Fiat

GONGED! Mr. Alan C. Bemis, a well-known club member, played the part of a policeman when he pulled up Mr. Kirkland Gibson and Mr. George Waterman for speeding at 4 m.p.h. in their one-cylinder Benz (vintage 1900)

CAN I HELP? The driver of an old crock Benz offers assistance, in the courtly manner of motoring's earlier years, to the occupants of an almost equally ancient Maxwell, which has evidently been giving its share of trouble

LABOUR AWAKES: A woman worker addressing a mass meeting of her colleagues following a strike for higher wages in one of the larger Tokyo factories

JAPAN'S WORKING WOMEN

And the Woman Whose Efforts on Their Behalf and Whose Pacificism Have Brought About Her Arrest

The arrest of Baroness Ishimoto, a Japanese social worker of distinction, has prompted Freda Utley to write the following article relating to the Baroness' remarkable career and to her efforts on behalf of her fellow women, particularly those engaged in industry. The article it should be pointed out reflects essentially Baroness Ishimoto's viewpoint.

GIRL CADDIES: This is just one of the many jobs done by women in Japan where feminine labour is so cheap

RARELY is the veil of the Japanese censorship lifted upon the activities of the Liberal or Radical opposition to her war on China. Last week, however, the police announced that 370 persons had been arrested, including two Labour M.Ps, four former University professors, and the famous feminist leader and author Baroness Ishimoto. Prior to this there were plenty of rumours concerning a round-up of suspected pacifists, and news of the arrests is doubtless published as a warning to all who breathe a word of criticism of the war. The charge against the 370 is that of "spreading anti-war talk instead of co-operating with the nation to support the Government's policy in China, and demanding relief for soldiers' families."

In connection with the last point one recalls the report a short while ago from the *Manchester Guardian's* correspondent in Japan of the case of a man called to the colours who was shot because he wept at leaving his two motherless young children without support. There is a background of bitter privation and suffering to Japan's war on China and those who in the past were in the vanguard of the labour, feminist, and pacifist movements—all closely connected—are now naturally suspect to the authorities.

Best known figure abroad in this Japanese "purge" is the distinguished and lovely Baroness Ishimoto, author of *Facing Two Ways*, who has waged a long and hard struggle for the emancipation of Japanese women from "the rigid bonds of the family system." In Japan, she wrote, men are taught to regard women either as toys or as slaves to be driven. The semi-servile status of women largely accounts for the generally low level of wages in industry since so large a proportion of factory labour is that of young peasant girls contracted to labour by their indebted fathers, and quite helpless to resist exploitation.

"The deep-rooted sense of humility in service and the traditional feminine modesty have caused the cheap labour of women to be a tragic anachronism in this industrial age."

PRAMS FOR HIRE! A sight curious to Western eyes, but explained by the fact that the Japanese mother usually carries her baby on her back, regarding a perambulator as a luxury only to be indulged in during a visit to the public park at holiday time

Born in an aristocratic and wealthy family and bred in the Samurai traditions of her house, she was married at the age of eighteen to Baron Ishimoto, who at the time was a Radical who insisted that his wife should become an emancipated and independent woman instead of an obedient doll. He sent her to study at a business college in the United States, and told her he hoped she would become brave and daring and launch out on an independent career. When she protested at his going off to Europe with the intention of visiting the U.S.S.R., and leaving her alone in New York, he asked her whether she did not want to make herself useful to society, and told her to be brave and grow to be a faithful worker for the betterment of the Japanese women's lot.

When this charming and intelligent girl who loved her husband dearly, had so far fulfilled his wishes as to become a self-supporting business woman in Tokyo and a leader of progressive movements in Japan (as well as the mother of two sons), she was told by her husband that "he thought my appearance was losing charm for him and that the beauty of Japanese woman lies in her naïvete."

For, in the years between, the romantic young Baron who had started as a Socialist had become a reactionary. His youthful optimism shattered, he dropped his former social ideals and reverted to the comforts and privileges of his rank and sex. He demanded that his wife should "return to the old shell of feudalistic subjection from which he had pulled her with his own hands."

The Baroness was a woman of tougher fibre than her husband and moreover a realist not a romantic. She continued on her way alone remarking with gentle irony that "a hero cannot be a hero all his life."

BARONESS ISHIMOTO, Japan's renowned social worker, feminist leader, and pacificist author, who has recently been arrested for sedition

WOMEN MUST WORK AND ME MU shipment from the port of Shimizu wh its height. Most of the fruit is take ou

Facing Two Ways was a book of quite exceptional interest. One gets an impression of a woman of complete honesty and acute perceptions, combined with a quality particularly rare in Japan —a sense of humour. The vivid picture conveyed of the frustration of women in Japan and their sufferings under Japan's antiquated social and legal code is unforgettable. It is the women of aristocratic families who are subject to the full rigour of the social code, and the revolt of some of them against the humiliations they suffer leads them to attack the whole social and economic system and to join the ranks of the Socialists and Communists.

Writing of her youth at the Peeresses School Baroness Ishimoto tells of the squabbles amongst children less than twelve years old for precedence in their games according to the rank of their families, of the distinction in their homes between "the Honourable Pure" and the "Honourable Impure," and of how wives are forced to have the children of their lord's concubines registered whilst the real mother remains in the servile position of a maid in waiting throughout her life.

Whilst women of the upper classes suffer from the tyranny of a social code designed only for the pleasure of men, the mass of Japanese women toil long hours in field and factory and mine for a mere pittance, prevented from organising to improve their condition by the traditions of submission and humility in which they are reared, no less than by the poverty of the rural population, and the repressive laws of the autocratic State. Baroness Ishimoto's book contains a vivid picture of the conditions in the mines where 70,000 women work, and she has some hard things to say about the much vaunted "paternalism" in industry.

"Whilst I was at the mines wives and daughters of miners went down in a half-naked condition mingling with the half-naked men labourers. They followed the men and carried out the coal as the men loosened it with their picks. . . . The miners I knew were usually desperate. They saw no hope in the future and sought momentary pleasures. Men beat women and children. I often wondered whether the Japanese capitalists were true to their consciences in saying that the beautiful family system made men, women, and children work harmoniously and pleasantly at their tasks when they claimed exemption for Japanese women in the International Labour Regulations drawn up at Geneva. Where is the harmony in fact? Women who were already fully tired from their long day's labour in the mines returned home to their kitchens. They cooked, washed, and nursed. Naturally they were abnormally nervous and exhausted. They often beat their impatiently hungry children. Children were born without love and reared without care.

"Westerners often say that Japan is a paradise for children. I wish this were true, but my impression of the children in mining camps is so vivid that I can never forget the horror of the dirty little creatures who haunted the garbage box at my door. My heart ached when I saw them."

No wonder that after seeing such conditions Baroness Ishimoto has devoted her life to securing economic and political rights for men and women workers —no wonder, also, that the author of a book containing such passages as the above is now under arrest as a "dangerous thinker."

SEEKING ENFRANCHISEMENT: Schoolgirl supporters of the Japanese suffragette movement pictured outside the Parliament building in Tokyo to which they recently paid a visit to see the Diet in session

THE CHILDREN'S DAY: Princess Yi, member of a well-known Korean family, leaving a Shinto shrine in Tokyo with her five-year-old son during the "Shichigo-san," a festival essentially for youth. It is then that the youngsters delight to dress up in army and navy uniforms

AWARDED THE NIGHTINGALE MEDAL: Miss Shika Morishita (right), head nurse of Tokyo Red Cross Hospital, who received this honour in 1935

MUST FIGHT! Girls packing oranges for where throughout December business is at ound the coast to Tokyo for the January market

A TOKYO STARLET: 11-year-old Fumye Myoshi whose acting powers have brought her to the front in films

CHINESE GIRL BASKET-BALL PLAYERS seen on arrival in Tokyo to play some of the Japanese High School teams. A reminder of an era of friendlier relations

NINE GRACES: Japanese girl film stars on the beach at Kamakura, a favoured seaside resort not far distant from Tokyo. The picture industry continues to make rapid strides in Japan

ON SKIS *in the* HIMALAYAS

A HIMALAYAN MONARCH: Massive Kangchenjhau, a peak of 22,700 ft., pictured from the Lungknak Pass by Fosco Maraini (*right*), the author of the accompanying article who recently paid a visit to the Himalayas and found the region ideally suited for ski-ing, with its wide, free spaces

I reached Gangtok, in Sikhim, on my return from Tibet where I had spent some months with the distinguished Tibetan authority, Professor Tucci. As there was still about a month before we were due to leave for Europe, I organised a small expedition to the north of Sikhim in the hope of being able to do some climbing. For this purpose, being alone, I wrote to Mr. Kydd of the Progress Association, in Darjeeling, who organises the transport of nearly every expedition in the Eastern Himalayas, and he sent me a very good young Sherpa—Lahkpa Chedi—to be my guide-companion.

THE approach to the Himalayas, for an alpinist, means living the most thrilling moment of his life. Perhaps, I ought to say, the most sacred, because the feelings that these mountains inspire are elementary, deep, and overpowering. It is something like a pilgrimage, and that is certainly what I felt when I left Gangtok (6,000 ft.) on a rainy morning early in October with six porters and Lahkpa Chedi.

We marched down the 13 miles to Dikchu (2,500 ft.)a hot damp hole in the middle of a tropical forest of palms, lianas, arboreous ferns, and trees with fleshy leaves. There were many mosquitoes, and the place is full of malaria. Then we climbed, by a stony mule path, the Tista valley, up and down in the most fantastic manner, going in six days from tropical to arctic regions. From Dikchu, through the forests of Chungtang (6,000 ft.); the fir woods of Lachung (9,000 ft.); the green slopes of Yumtang (12,000 ft.), we arrived at Samdong (15,000 ft.). At the last part of my journey I had what was, at first, a very unpleasant surprise, but that later on turned out to be a very pleasant one. On our arrival we found the ground covered with deep snow and the mountains under winter conditions, making my alpinistic projects, modest though these were, quite impossible. Fortunately I had brought with me a pair of skis; with these my expedition turned into a ski-ing one.

When we came to the snow, which had fallen much earlier than usual, my porters stopped to make their Tibetan tea, mixed with salt, soda, and butter, and while they were busy I put on my skis and slowly climbed a nearby hill. At the top I stopped, called out to the men, and as they looked up I let myself go. In a moment I was once more among them. They stared, silent at first, and then began to laugh nervously, uncertain if in this quick movement they had not come across something supernatural.

In the Himalayas the zones between 15,000 ft. and 18,000 ft. correspond to those of about 6,000 ft. to 10,000 ft. in the Alps, and there, too, these are the best for ski-ing. At Samdong, where I pitched my tent on snow, I stopped for a week, finding the place perfect for ski-ing. Being alone I had to limit myself to simple excursions, but if I had had a companion, also with skis, we could have climbed various summits, perhaps up to 20,000 ft., ski-ing mostly on glaciers.

PERFECT SKI-ING COUNTRY: The descent of Samdong-Ri, the lower slopes of which can be seen in the middle distance, is one, writes Signor Maraini, which can be fairly compared with the most celebrated runs to be found in the Swiss Alps

In spite of all this I climbed the Donkhya-La (18,000 ft.), and twice I went to Samdong-Ri, an easy mountain above Samdong, the descent from which can be compared to the most celebrated runs in the Swiss Alps. The snow was in perfect condition, the sky clear in the morning, and though inclined to be cloudy at sunset it cleared again at night. The panorama from Samdong-Ri is unforgettable. One can see Chombo (21,000 ft.); Kangchenjhau (22,700 ft.) with its many virgin peaks, terrible in their icy blueness; Donkhya-Ri (20,000 ft.), like the Matterhorn; Pauhunri (23,180 ft.) formed like a ship, and far away, higher than all, the great Kangchenjunga (28,148 ft.).

When I was leaving Samdong I met two young Englishmen, F. W. Bristow and N.W. Innes, up from Yumtang. They had with them porters but, unluckily, no skis. After resting for a day we left together at three in the morning on a tremendously cold day for Sebu-La. The stars gave a light almost as strong as moonlight, and Kangchenjhau shone like a steel banner high above us. The porters walked in single file, led by Dru-Ghie who held a candle lantern, while Drolma, my little Tibetan dog now with me in Italy, ran up and down.

I can never forget that morning, or the mystery of those hours which seemed as if they would lead us into an unknown world. The men too felt this; they murmured all the time *Om Mani Padme Hum*. At last the sun rose, real life began—with tea. That night I climbed alone on my skis to a height from where I could see the sun set. There was absolute silence; I might have been the last man on earth, or the first. Above me colossal peaks glowed rose and gold catching the rays of a sun I could no longer see; round me and below all was darkness.

The morning after, having camped at 16,000 ft., we crossed the Sebu-La (17,000 ft.), a pass that has been crossed often enough in summer, but very rarely in entirely winter conditions. For me, with my skis, it was an easy matter, but Bristow, Innes, and the porters put up a wonderful fight tramping for hours in the deep snow on the steep slopes below the pass. We descended by a glacier—a splendid ski run—and arrived at Thangu (12,800 ft.) where my English friends left on their return.

I rested for a day, and then climbed Lungknak-La (16,400 ft.), the pass that leads to the Lhonak valley, the least known part of Sikhim. But there my porters would no longer follow me; they had had enough of "the flying Sahib," and I was obliged to renounce that part of my journey. From Thangu I went to Lachen, and from there made a trip of three days, sleeping in the open, and living on potatoes, in the hope of being able to photograph Kangchenjunga from near. But the weather was cloudy, and I had to return to Gangtok, where Mr. Dudley and his wife, who have lived there for many years, gave me the kindest hospitality.

Summing up my impressions I can confidently say that the Himalayas of north Sikhim afford a wonderful ski-ing ground; not only for those who see in their skis a useful instrument for climbing, but also for the runner who wants wide, free spaces, and long swift descents from comparatively easy cols and summits. I know well most of the best ski-ing centres in the Alps and Apennines, but I have seldom seen such a splendid centre for tours—from very easy to very difficult—as at Samdong where the Himalayan Club has built a hut.

One thinks of the Himalayas as a collection of inaccessible heights, frightening, and out of all proportion and that is true, of course, above a certain height, as it is also true of the Alps in a minor degree. But as I have pointed out, there is in the Himalayas a wide zone from 12,000 ft. to 18,000 ft. in which skis can be used with good results; it is the zone of wide valleys, minor glaciers, open cols, and round easy summits. Samdong is just in this zone, and in an ideal position.

One asks, has Himalayan ski-ing a future? I say that it most definitely has.

Fosco Maraini

WHILE HIS TWO FRIENDS PLODDED IN FRONT OF THE NATIVE PORTERS, tramping for hours in the deep snow of a Himalayan pass, the lone skier in the party was able to descend with glorious ease. His tracks can be seen in the centre

MAC MAKES HIS BOW: Professor Julian Huxley, Secretary of the Zoological Society, looking on as a member of his juvenile audience stroked the lion cub which he included among the exhibits at the first of his Christmas lectures for children delivered at the Royal Institution, Albemarle Street, W. "Rare Animals and the Disappearance of Wild Life" is the subject of the present series which is proving quite as popular as any given in past years

GREAT DAYS *for the* YOUNG

Christmastide Entertainment

On Left—
VERY N—ICE TOO: Just a few of the 500 youngsters who attended a monster Christmas party at the Wembley Open Air Ice Rink. They were given tea and free skating and enjoyed themselves immensely

First Signs of Spring

THEY are here already—the first flower-trimmed hats that herald the spring. And not only in the shops. Two or three women were wearing them at lunch the other day, presumably on the principle that nothing looks so charming with furs as natural-coloured flowers. Shaded roses are tucked into high-folded crowns, pillboxes have their flat tops sewn with massed blooms, and berets are twisted to show small, multi-coloured buds outlining the shape of the head.

Certainly the first fine days will bring out a whole crop of jauntily alluring hats. Sailors, many of them tied beneath the chin; high-brimmed bretons, veiled and bordered with heavy, chenille spots; twisted caps, showing part of the hair, and combining several clear, bright shades.

These are high fashion, but the clever woman will hurry off to Harrods on January 10 and there find hats that will tide her over the next few weeks at prices that are almost unbelievable. Their sale starts then, and as it lasts for only a week it will be as well to arrive very early. In the hat shop on the first floor felt sports hats will be reduced from 35s. 9d. to 18s., while tailored hats in felt, many of them copies of original models, will cost only 20s. instead of 42s. If you are a turban type, be sure to see their clever and flattering silk jersey trimmed turbans, reduced from 63s. to 25s.

So much for hats—but that is only the beginning. No matter what you want you will be able to find it, and to save a great deal of money. Here, for instance, are a few coats, just to show what you may expect. A Persian lamb trimmed coat, perfectly tailored, made in a fine black woollen and reduced from 9½ guineas to £5 10s. A pure camel hair coat with a slight swing back, high revers, and exciting pockets, all for 69s. 6d. instead of 4½ guineas. A full length swagger coat in Cumberland tweed, reduced from 7½ guineas to 79s. 6d.

If you are collecting cruising clothes, they have navy flannel trousers at 16s. 9d. instead of 22s. 9d. Bathing suits with brassiere tops, reduced from 21s. to 10s. Striped bath wraps, cut on the newest lines, for 14s. 9d. instead of 22s. 6d. Grey flannel dresses, buttoned down the front, with a petersham tie belt, for 57s. 6d. instead of 5 guineas. Grey flannel skirts, zip fastened down the front, for 15s. instead of 25s. 9d. And cashmere cardigans, reduced from 32s. 6d. to 20s., with cashmere sweaters at 17s. 6d. instead of 29s. 6d.

Among the more formal clothes are afternoon dresses, marked down to £5 from 9 guineas, and chiffon and lace dinner ensembles which you will be able to get for £7 10s. instead of 13½ guineas.

Make the most of such opportunities, for they mean the saving of much money without the sacrifice of any chic. Make a list of what you want. Do not relinquish or change your plans. And you will find that it has been triumphantly well worth while to be strong minded.

In the country, or for travelling, there is nothing to rival a classically tailored suit and coat, and there is nobody in London who knows better how to make such things than Studd and Millington, of 51, Conduit Street, W.1, for they have built up a reputation which stands them in good stead all over the world.

The suit which we have photographed comes from them. Made in a soft warm saxony, with a Glenurquhart check in red and brown, the trim belted jacket has two flap pockets, and the skirt has a pleat at the side front. Slender though it looks, it allows complete freedom of movement and is most comfortable to wear.

Their sale is now going on, and consequently there is a reduction of from 33⅓ per cent. to 50 per cent. on all coats and suits. Now is the moment to go along to them, for soon they will be moving into new premises, and the result is that you can, at present, get coats for both men and women at 3 guineas. Their materials are always excellent, and their standard of workmanship is so well known that nothing need be said about it. Make the most of a really grand chance that is not likely soon to occur again.

ENTERTAINING LONDON

A DESERVING THEATRICAL CAUSE: June Bevis, one of the children of the Actors' Orphanage, Langley, Berks., who will be seen in *Cinderella* to be given at matinees at the Gaiety on January 10, 11, and 12, to raise money to endow a scholarship to enable any particularly promising child to train for the stage

CINDERELLA AND PRINCE CHARMING as they will be represented by June Bevis and June Lester in the Actors' Orphanage matinees to be given at the Gaiety under the auspices of Mr. Leslie Henson who is greatly interested in helping the children towards a stage career. *On left*—Joe Craston whose clowning is one of the highlights of the Bertram Mills' Christmas circus which is now in its eighteenth consecutive season at Olympia and, needless to say, is proving as big a draw as ever

AMES AND ARNO, the knockabout dancers from Broadway, who provide a share of the fun in *Park Avenue to Park Lane*, the Christmas cabaret at Grosvenor House; very slick entertainment of the transatlantic variety. *On right*—Ketty Mara and her chimpanzee partner in *Folies Superbes*, the new revue at the London Casino. Their dancing act together is something of a revelation, particularly the chimp's clever acrobatic feats performed on a chair

WHERE NAPOLEON COURTED THE COUNTESS WALEWSKA

Castle Finkenstein, East Prussia, and its Romantic Associations

CASTLE FINKENSTEIN TO-DAY: An exterior view of the great house in East Prussia where Napoleon Bonaparte met the beautiful Countess Walewska and where he dallied for long before continuing eastward. The story is of particular interest at this moment as the film, *Marie Walewska*, starring Greta Garbo and Charles Boyer, was recently given its premiere in London

AN IMPOSING ENTRANCE HALL: An interior of Castle Finkenstein which was built between the years 1716 and 1720 for General Field-Marshal Albrecht Konrad Count Fink of Finkenstein, later Military Governor to Frederick the Great, and at present belongs to State Councillor, the Burgrave of Dohna

ALEXANDER COUNT WALEWSKI, the natural son of Napoleon Bonaparte and Marie Walewska, a picture that reveals his remarkable resemblance to his illustrious father. The Count, like his mother, espoused the Polish Nationalist cause but, following the insurrection of 1831, he had to escape to France where he became naturalised. Napoleon III made him ambassador successively in Florence, Naples, Madrid, and London. As Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1855-60 he presided at the Paris Congress of 1856 which met to secure peace following the Crimean War

NOW that the film of the romance between Napoleon and Marie Countess Walewska is being shown in this country with Greta Garbo in the role of the Countess, it is of interest to see and know something about the background against which so much of this episode was played. It was Finkenstein Castle in East Prussia.

Much against her will, Walewska became Napoleon's mistress—a liaison which eventually developed into true love—on her side at least. Napoleon had a son by Marie, who later became famous as French Minister of Foreign Affairs under Louis Napoleon. He was also President of the Paris Congress in 1856, when the accompanying picture of him was taken. It clearly shows the extraordinary likeness between him and his illustrious father.

"Enfin un château!" was Napoleon's comment as he entered Finkenstein Castle, the largest of all the East Prussian castles,

(*Continued on page 70*)

WHERE NAPOLEON SLEPT: The Emperor's four-poster bed which is preserved at Castle Finkenstein together with many other interesting reminders of his highly romantic association with the place. Indeed history comes to life at every step in this castle and it is little wonder that it is now regarded as one of the show places of East Prussia

COUNTESS WALEWSKA: From a miniature

This England . . .

The Suffolk Wold—between Lavenham and Bury St. Edmunds

SINCE we cannot see forward (and remember but a little way back) we must not be too ready to resent all change. This wide-skied Suffolk with its endless fields of wind-rippled grain was once more famous as a dairy county; until the wars begotten of the French Revolution put grain to such a price that much of its broad pasture was ploughed up. And bitter then was the outcry against it. Yet under the shifts and changes of the centuries our England remains stable in its good. That now fine barley should come from Suffolk and this great beer from Burton (Worthington its name) is of little matter—so that we have them for our comfort still!

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CAPITAL AND LABOUR AT GRIPS

(Continued from page 50)

dismiss men until a tripartite commission should have examined the reasons for the dismissals. Even during the truce the unions tried to enforce the principle that employers must apply to them for the men they needed, and for a time Exhibition contractors were obliged through dire necessity to accept this subordination, with the result that men were supplied irrespective of their qualification for the jobs, and the levelling of labour to the least skilful category was seen to be a danger that must be avoided at all costs.

Later, the Confederation was prudent enough to affirm that it had no intention of monopolising the labour supply, and in association with the Government the Bill was prepared in a manner that appeared to give some satisfaction to employers, although it really takes authority out of their hands. Upon this question of authority employers will make no concession. Their Confederation held meetings in Paris a short while ago and in most of the big towns to protest against the Bill, which they regard as placing them under the control of the C.G.T., and in this protest they are supported by the associations of technicians and employees as well as by non-affiliated workers' unions, which fear that the measure will have the effect of excluding their members from employment unless they throw in their lot with the Labour Confederation whose advanced principles are not in conformity with the idea of freedom of work.

The Bill has obliged both sides to take up definite positions, the C.G.T. endeavouring to re-establish the Socialist plan in its entirety, while the employers are more than ever determined to free themselves from the trammels of labour domination. The struggle has now entered on a decisive phase.

The conflict between capital and labour is renewed in circumstances entirely different from those that prevailed at the time of the labour revolt in June of 1936. The Socialist programme, backed up by a Communist minority, was thrust upon the country by the Popular Front Government with a suddenness that left employers unprepared to resist the labour attack.

The country is now thoroughly tired of the extremist agitation. The political influence of the C.G.T. has declined, but its activities are unimpaired. The methods employed by it are less direct, notably in the Labour Control Bill which, if adopted on the lines indicated, may lead to a dictatorship of the C.G.T. The changed circumstances under which the struggle is now taking place are the country's reaction against the Socialist upheaval and the growing power of employers who are making efforts, by wide propaganda, to bring every employer within their Confederation, and to convince the country that without liberty and authority the whole production structure will collapse.

There have all along been hopes of conciliation between the employers and the men, but employers now affirm that their conciliation has been carried to an extreme limit, and at a meeting of the Chambre Syndicale of the building trades resolutions of a drastic nature were passed, including a threat to close down all works, shops, and building yards if employers are deprived of their right to take on whomsoever they please and to dismiss persons when necessary in the interest of their business. This latter stipulation is aimed particularly at union delegates in shops who exercise autocratic control over the men and are the cause of constant trouble, strikes, and indiscipline.

A stoppage of the country's entire production is not an impossible contingency as an alternative to labour dictatorship. Employers feel that they have the country behind them, as well as the majority of workers so long as they are assured of not losing the benefits they have acquired by collective contracts. This guarantee is already given by employers who consent to fair and generous terms in contracts entered into independently of the C.G.T. In view of this opposition the Labour Control Bill is being subjected to further examination, and while it will almost certainly pass through the Chamber of Deputies, it will probably be rejected by the Senate, where another Bill is being prepared that will modify considerably the obligations imposed on employers.

CONTINUATIONS

WHERE NAPOLEON COURTED THE COUNTESS WALEWSKA

(Continued from page 68)

where he stayed for a while whilst on the march to the east. His visit there, somehow, became far more prolonged than he originally intended, and nobody ever really knew whether this was due to military reasons or to his romance with the Countess Walewska.

Lively recollections of the Emperor come crowding back as one approaches the well preserved bedroom which he once used. There still stands his writing-table where the fateful plans matured which led to his disastrous end. Yet the Emperor of France is only one episode in the history of Finkenstein.

The man who built this castle in but a few years (1716-1720) was General Field-Marshal Albrecht Konrad Count Fink of Finkenstein, later Military Governor to Frederick the Great, one of the men who made Prussian history and who served three generations of Prussian rulers.

Little wonder then that history comes to life with every step in this old Prussian house. There, in the spacious hall, is the portrait which shows the first King of Prussia in all his pomp, wearing the Order of the Black Eagle which he himself created at Königsberg. Not far from it, on the staircase, hangs a picture of Frederick the Great, by Weidemann, showing him as a delicate youth. And so from one generation to another of the rulers and their faithful feudal lords. All of them tokens of veneration and thanksgiving, traditionally upheld and handed down from father to son.

When, in the eighteenth century, the estate passed from the Finkensteins to the Burgraves of Dohna again everything remained as before—only fresh memories were added to the old ones, and so on until the present time.

The present head, although little known in public, is a follower of the Nazi regime in Germany, and has been appointed a State Councillor by the Führer.

Approaching from Rosenberg, the wanderer can see from afar, through the thicket, the green majolica roof Sheltering beneath this great structure lie the regular blocks of little houses belonging to the peasants and keepers. This "settlement," built according to a uniform plan, sprang into being at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Expediently and harmoniously the estates circle round the castle grounds at a respectful distance. At the back of the castle there is a fine park laid out in true French style, somewhat severe in aspect, from which there is a lovely view of a silent lake, this forming the link with the open country beyond. So, in spite of the poor east-Prussian landscape, a unique effect has been achieved by the help of cleverly applied landscape gardening.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

THE following is an extract from a letter which this Society has received from the parent of a boy in the Training Ship *Arethusa*: "*Re* my son, who is home on leave from T.S. *Arethusa*, I am pleased to say he is very enthusiastic about his life in the *Arethusa*, and I believe he will get on well. Owing to his account of the life, I wish to state that his brother aged 13 years and 5 months is now also anxious to join him in the *Arethusa*. Please let me have the necessary papers for completion." This letter shows how happy the boys are, and the excellence of their training is well known. Please send a New Year gift to the Headquarters of the Society, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

TIMES CHANGE

SO DOES SHELL

Thirty years have seen great changes in the Army. Old uniforms, old methods have been supplanted by the more efficient and practical ones of today. The development of motor engines has affected the Army and the high standard of modern motor cars makes it a more mobile arm than ever. Shell has developed too with the changes in engine design, and maintains its reputation of the petrol with the best possible performance—even for armoured cars.

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Easter Cruises

APRIL 14. "Voltaire" from Southampton to Canary Islands. Calling at Casablanca, Santa Cruz de la Palma, las Palmas, Teneriffe, Madeira and Lisbon.
18 days from 25 gns.

APRIL 14. "Vandyck" from Liverpool to the Mediterranean. Calling at Gibraltar, Villefranche, (Monte Carlo, Nice) Naples, Capri and Lisbon.
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MONTE CARLO CALENDAR

WINTER SEASON 1938

SOCIAL EVENTS: INTERNATIONAL SPORTING CLUB—International Bridge Tournament, *January 17-30.* Monaco National Fête, *January 17.*

SPORT: Monte Carlo Country Club (Tennis)—Club Championships, *January 24-30;* INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT (Butler Trophy and Beaumont Cup), *February 28—March 6;* Easter Tournament, *April 18-24.* Monte Carlo Golf Club—Windsor Challenge Cup, *February 12;* Sporting Club Cup, *February 19;* Bystander Mixed Foursomes, *March 17.* MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY, *January 29.* Sailing Regattas, *March 31—April 3.* Outboard Meeting, *April 21-24.* Ski-ing—French Championships at Valberg, Beuil and Auron, *February 11-18.*

MUSIC: Concerts; Gala with SERGE LIFAR, *January 14;* Beethoven Festival, *January 28;* Liszt Festival with EMILE SAÜER, *February 2;* Classical Concert with Ida Haendel, *February 4;* Grand Concert conducted by Sidney Beer, *February 9.* Opera—Season opens with WAGNER'S "RING," in German, by Bayreuth Opera Company, under Franz von Hoesslin, *January 22;* "Tristan and Isolde," *January 29;* Creation "Andersen's Tales," (Grieg Music) *February 27.*

THEATRE: Comedy and Operetta Season to *January 24* (Beaux-Arts); Comédie Française—official performances *during February;* Ballet Season, *April 2-28* (with two entirely new Massine Ballets).

There are no better Hotels in the world than the HOTEL DE PARIS and the HOTEL HERMITAGE at Monte Carlo—and their prices are not at all exorbitant. There are other good Hotels there—both large and small—full particulars of which can be obtained from Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son, Limited, and all Travel Agencies.

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

INDIA'S MAGNETISM

An Unending Panorama of Beauty and Varied Interest Awaits the Traveller

IN THE CITY OF "THE THREE-HEADED DEMON": This building at Trichinopoli, adorned with striking mounted figures, was at one time the Nawab's palace and is only one of the many fine buildings in this famed town of Southern India

ANYONE in whom there is the slightest spark of the desire to travel must have felt the magnetism of India. If that desire has now matured into opportunity and you have taken up a map in contemplation the countless names with which memory will suggest vague associations will prompt the self-interrogation "Where shall I begin?" The answer is largely with the shipping companies whose principal ports are Karachi, Bombay, Madras, Calcutta, and Colombo and the air line which entering through the first of those ports goes to Delhi. The railway route does not yet get nearer than the head of the Persian Gulf.

Its geographical position on the great eastern trade route gives Colombo a marked advantage in communications, and not only is there much to see in Ceylon itself, but the journey through Southern India is essential if any claim to having seen India is to be made. It is a comfortable day's journey from Colombo to the mainland, and there you enter the India known to the old European settlers, a part rich in archæological remains, magnificent temples, shrines, and pilgrim towns. Although it lies in the tropics and has temperatures well above 100 deg. in May, life is quite comfortable there now, but it is advisable not to leave a visit later than the early part of March.

Right at hand is one of the most venerated shrines in India, Rameswaram; and make a point of being there on a Friday, when the goddess Parvati is carried in procession through the corridors. The temple is seen in the distance on arriving at Dhanushkodi from Ceylon. As an example of the Dravidian style of architecture, in its merits and defects, you will probably not see anything better than Rameswaram; the style takes its name from the early people of India driven to the south by the Aryan invasion.

It is only a few hours journey from the coast to Madura, political and religious centre from time immemorial, where in the Great Temple, sacred to Siva, visitors are given more facilities than at any other shrine and are excluded from only the two innermost portions. Thus, they are able to get a very good idea of Hindu ritual. The profusely ornamented temple was decorated as it now stands in the early years of the seventeenth century and in the Hall of a Thousand Pillars the stone carving is superb.

Not far from Madura is Trichinopoli, "City of the Three-headed Demon," with rock temple and tank. One of the finest panoramic views in the plain of India is had from the rock. You might make Tanjore, 30 miles away, your next place of call to see the Great Pagoda, the most remarkable of all the temples in Southern India for it has been preserved with little alteration for nearly nine centuries—another fine specimen of Dravidian architecture. It contains the Great Bull, 16 ft. long and over 12 ft. high, hewn out of a single block of granite and presumed to have been brought from a place 400 miles away. The daily anointings with oil have made it shine like the finest bronze.

Next you should go to Madras, third city in India and capital of the Presidency but three centuries ago it was a tiny fishing village. There is, nevertheless, much of interest there and the Marine Drive, or South Beach is a very popular resort. Turning inland again it is a short night's journey to Bangalore, administrative headquarters of Mysore, the progressive and third largest State in India. It is less than 90 miles from there to Mysore City, 2,525 ft. above sea level, the beautiful garden city home of the Maharajah. A stay there should be made for there is much to see, including the Gersoppa, or Jog Fall, one of the most beautiful, natural sights in the whole country.

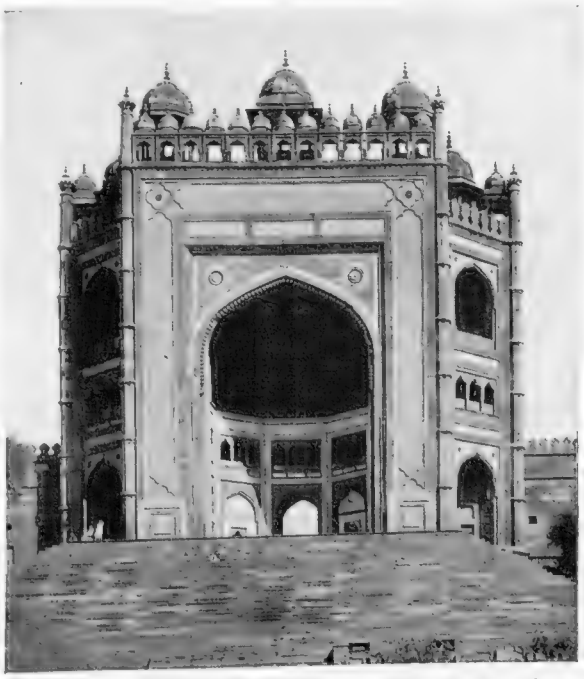
With a leap of 860 ft. the falls are the highest in the world. The jungle and the hunt may call you for a time and then, if you can, see Cochin and the backwaters of Malabar on the west coast; but space if not time presses and we must push on to the north, perhaps to Bombay on the one hand, or Calcutta on the other, and all that lies on the northern arc which links them. The decision whether to go from east to west or from west to east will probably be dictated by the return sailing arrangements.

Let us, for our purpose, go to Bombay first. This comparatively modern city calls for a stay if only to see the Hindu Burning Ghats, the Parsee Towers of Silence, and the caves on the island of Elephanta. For the sake of a few hours journey you should not miss a visit to the stupendous rock temples of Ellora and the frescoes and rock temples of Ajanta which go back 2,000 years. These sights are in the premier State of Hyderabad which is worthy of more attention if time permits.

Setting out from Bombay on the journey to Calcutta, time should be found to make a first stop at Mount Abu to see the Jain Temples at Dilwara which are famous for their interior marble work, some of it as fine as lace. Then on to Baroda, and the "fairy princess" cities, Udaipur, glittering within a bastioned wall, and Jaipur in rose pink stone, not omitting to visit the deserted Amber close to the latter. So we come to Delhi, capital of the misty past and Imperial capital to-day, the modern city and the best example of the Moghul period, providing great variety of interest.

GLORIOUS IN DECAY: The ruins of the temple of Siva at Sidhpur, a place of great archæological interest in western India. The temple was wrecked by Ala-Ud-Din Khilji in 1296 and much of it has, during the centuries, been carried off for building purposes

THE CAVE TEMPLES OF ELEPHANTA ISLAND, lying in Bombay Harbour, should on no account be missed by the sightseeing visitor to India. They are still used on festival days connected with the god Siva, "the creator, preserver, and destroyer"



THE GATE OF VICTORY AT FATEHPUR-SIKRI, not far from Agra, bears witness to the pristine glories of this town which the Emperor Akbar founded and enriched with all the wealth at his command. The modern town is nearby

To the south lie Agra and Akbar's deserted city, Fatehpur-Sikri, abandoned early in the seventeenth century less than forty years after its foundation, on account of the lack of water. No traveller dare return from India and confess to not having seen the Taj Mahal at Agra, symbol of an emperor's grief. It is hackneyed counsel to say you must see it by moonlight but I can suggest nothing better. The beauty of this marble structure, enhanced by the perfection of the setting cannot be translated into words; the picture must come through the eye.

Cawnpor and Lucknow follow in the natural order of things, both with hallowed memories of the Mutiny; and then on to Benares, holy city of the Hindus, with its temples on the banks of the sacred Ganges and the pilgrimages to the waters, best seen by slowly drifting downstream in a small craft.

Calcutta brings the journey across the peninsula to an end. The varied interests of this, the second largest city in the Empire, need not be recounted but I would urge you not to leave this part of India without making a visit to Darjeeling and out to Tiger Hill to get a glimpse of the Himalayas, a panorama of unsurpassed beauty. Lahore, Kashmir, the Khyber Pass, Amritsar, religious capital of the Sikhs, and Burma must remain mere names in this article but include them in your travels if you can.

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CANFORD CLIFFS HOTEL

In Quest of

January when Women's and the Sales Ar

IN January a woman's thoughts turn to London sales interspersed with a few shows, whilst nephews and nieces *must*, whatever else happens, be taken to the Circus and other lightsome forms of entertainment.

January too is a month when the service man abroad, the planter in Malay, Ceylon, East Africa, and other parts of the Empire is thinking of home-coming, and whatever else he may decide on London is inevitably the first objective. So it is appropriate that in this first week of the New Year one should give consideration to one's London headquarters.

I need not concern myself with those well-known hotels known the world over, top-notchers in quality such as the Savoy, Berkeley, Ritz, Claridge's, nor those popular-priced hotels equally well known, the Regent and Strand Palace Hotels and the Cumberland. But I would remind readers that you can still be in the centre of things at first-class hotels of varying grades with varying appeals. For quietude and quality there are the two Honeywood Hotels, the Washington in Curzon Street and Batt's in Albemarle Street. There is the Stafford in St. James's Place—a perfect oasis of tranquility—and Garlands in Suffolk Street off Pall Mall.

But with the investment of a 1d. bus fare the choice widens. The Langham, Portland Place, the Welbeck in Wigmore Street, the Alexandra at Hyde Park Corner, and almost next door the Park View Hotel where one can take the escalator off the train at Hyde Park Corner, walk but a few yards into the hotel lift and be transported to one's bedroom.

The hotels I have mentioned are well known to all Londoners and those who frequently visit home, but what is not so well known is that if the Savoy class of hotel is beyond your purse there are a number of other hotels within very easy reach.

In fact London's transport system is so admirable these days that the greater proportion of her hotels will be found in a 2d. or even 3d. bus or Tube fare from Piccadilly, embracing Sloane Square, South Kensington, Bloomsbury, and Bayswater. The principal hotel in the Sloane Square district is the Cadogan but another one with a wider appeal is the Royal Court in the square itself.

The Gloucester Road, Cromwell Road, and Earls Court area is a veritable colony of hotels, which cater not only for permanent residents but those who find them exceedingly good value for bed, bath, and breakfast only. Hotels which are very popular from both points of view are those of the M. F. North group, Stanhope Court and Alwin Court Hotels being two examples. But there will be always those who prefer the north side of the Park and as hotels of varying grades are legion in the Bayswater area I have personally visited a number for the benefit of SPHERE readers.

First I will take Whiteness Hotel in Queen's Gardens, two minutes walk from the Bayswater Road, which in its turn is but a 1d. ride to that ladies' mile, Oxford Street and her shops. Mr. Roy Snell, the resident proprietor, is a tremendously keen hotelier. As far as I can judge he works all day on his hobby—Whiteness Hotel—and probably dreams all night of improvements

Not that I can see with my experienced eye any need for improvements because he seems to have incorporated every possible amenity which the travelling public expects, but it is the constant additions and improvements behind the scenes which have contributed to the popularity of Whiteness, and without wishing to "butter up" Mr. Roy Snell, I must place on record that many a SPHERE reader I have sent to Whiteness has taken the trouble to write to me afterwards and thank me for my recommendation, and although I am no racegoer, I believe there is wisdom in following form.

Close by is the Leinster Court Hotel, which is personally conducted by another prominent member of the Residential Hotels Association, Mr. A. E. George. He and his family have been at Leinster Court for over fifteen years, and as a consequence there is that friendly sociable atmosphere which one looks for in a residential hotel like Leinster Court, which is so popular amongst overseas visitors. Recently I dined there and I was impressed with the homeliness and quality of the fare. In short, I look upon it as one of those hotels where people are attracted, not on account of the cuisine, but because of the honest-to-goodness cooking.

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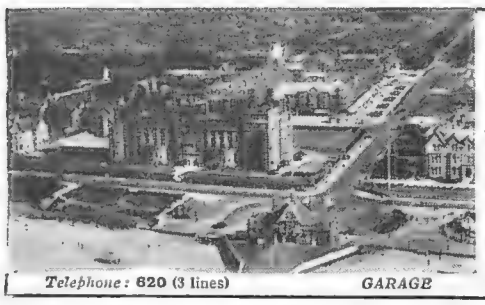

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The popular Social Rendezvous of the Lancashire Coast. Opposite Pier. 200 Bedrooms with Hot and Cold Water. Magnificent Ballrooms and Lounge. Thé and Diner Dansants. The Majestic Orchestra plays daily in the Lounge. Swimming Pool.

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An Autumn holiday? Our flowers, our sunshine, and the comfort and amenities of our hotel should make St. Brelade's your choice. And for winter . . . the same equable climate, our sheltered situation, our wonderful outlook, our cooking . . . and our moderate terms make St. Brelade's the obvious haven from an English winter. Chapter and verse with pleasure from the Proprietor, A. Colley.

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Whether you come to town to buy a car, a dog, a gun, a business . . . or a hat, you will find that the Alexandra is right in the centre of things—Knightsbridge and Piccadilly at your doorstep, the world of entertainment within a few minutes. You will also find undiluted comfort in every detail and undoubted value for money in our terms.

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Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Thoughts Turn Londonwards in Full Swing

One further hotel before I leave the Bayswater district, and again run by a prominent member of the Residential Hotels Association, Mrs. Kenneth—the Hotel Constance, Lancaster Gate.

It stands back from the Bayswater Road in a quiet cul-de-sac by that well-known landmark, Christ Church, Lancaster Gate.

Quietude and very real comfort are the outstanding features of the Constance. There is always a very nice type of person staying there, many of whom are as faithful to the Constance as the hotel is to them in the maintenance of its standard of quality.

And here I must leave London for another occasion when I can introduce you to what may be rare discoveries in Bloomsbury and other neighbourhoods.

As I find I have more space at my disposal than I originally bargained for, I cannot do better for those who are looking for the sort of accommodation discussed this week than to go in greater detail into one of the groups of London hotels mentioned earlier on, namely, the M.F. North group.

A question that I am frequently asked is, "Why North?" Let it be said that the name has nothing to do with the compass, but is the name of the proprietor of the group. In fact most of the "North" hotels are south of the Park.

The first thing that strikes one on reading over their little composite brochure is their accessibility. All of them are within a few minutes' walk of the South Kensington and Gloucester Road stations and similarly of the main bus routes. For those who cannot live without constitutional even in midwinter, Kensington Gardens are at hand. Olympia and the Circus are within a few minutes by bus or Underground. The bargains of Kensington and the opportunities of Knightsbridge are equally within a penny bus ride. For those whose main shopping campaigns of the year are conducted in January, the "North" hotels should make a strong appeal if only for their accessibility to the "fields of battle."

Every hotel and every group of hotels have a certain quality which stamps them with a definite character good or bad; the quality of the "North" hotels is practical common sense. There are no frills or furbelows but comfort that is solid, modern, and genuine, no eye-catching luxury but instead plentiful evidence that everything is of the best quality, from the linen you sleep between to the meals that you are offered. The result of this is the fact of offering quite outstanding value for money.

Most of the hotels enjoy an extremely quiet situation, particularly Stanhope Court Hotel which overlooks a quiet garden square and is entirely free from all noise of traffic. All the "North" hotels have running water and telephone in the bedrooms and many of them, as at Stanhope Court, have central heating.

For those who like South Kensington, I put in a strong recommendation for the "North" hotels, be it for a night, a week, a month, or years.

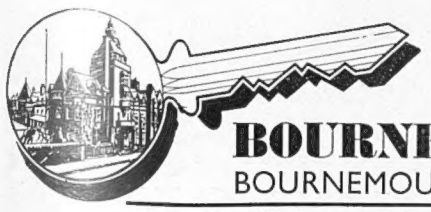
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to Mr. Ashley Courtenay. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

P.J.K., Knightsbridge.—I think the hotel you are looking for is the Hautboy at Ockham, which has recently been taken over by Mr. Charles Asprey. As a wine connoisseur, you will appreciate his picked wine list, and the charm of the dining-room there adds to the excellence of the menu. And after dining, there is some special brandy down in the cellar—enough said!

P.M.T., Peterborough.—The obvious place for you to stay on the north side of London is the Bushey Hall Hotel, one of the Spiers and Pond group. The golf links at the front door, and an excellent service of trains just round the corner.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot be accepted.*



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Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bournemouth.—Solent Cliffs Hotel, Sea Front.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Htl. Tel. 3574/5.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Cornwall.—Rock Hotel for St. Enodoc Golf.
Coverack, Sth. Cornwall.—The Headland Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Worcs. Brine Baths Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms Hotel.
Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Alexandra Hotel. Tel. 132.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
Eggesford (N. Devon).—Fox and Hounds Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
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Oxford.—Mitre Hotel.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Richmond (Surrey).—Richmond Hill Hotel.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Hotel Majestic.
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Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl.W.8. Wes. 8121
Hotel Constance, 23-24, Lancaster Gate, W.2.
Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Square. SLO. 9191.
S.Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
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Jersey.—Beaufort Hotel (For Winter Comfort).
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THE FATE OF THE "STUART STAR": Sightseers crowding the shore at East London, South Africa, after this 11,000-ton Blue Star cargo vessel had gone aground. All hands and the few passengers on board were rescued

A VAN DYCK FOR THE NATION: The famous picture of "The Abbé Scaglia Adoring the Virgin and Child" which has just been presented to the National Gallery by Mr. Anthony de Rothschild in memory of his great aunt, Louisa Lady de Rothschild, and her daughter Constance Lady Battersea

The Turn of the Year

The Cycle of Nature Accomplished

THE Old Year has slipped away into the misty regions of the past—its every duty fulfilled, and the cycle of nature faithfully accomplished. And in its passing there is left with us a memory of certain touches of beauty in the closing scenes. Upon the woods and meadows the hoar frost has fallen, and is now sparkling delicately, as upon the wide spaces of the ploughlands. There, deep shadows lie changing to violet beneath the low rays of the sinking sun. And soft lilac mists have blurred the outlines of the distant forest. A dry twig snapped by the wind of yesterday falls down of a sudden into the undergrowth. And, disturbed by this, a small moth comes forth from his hiding place, fluttering away into the chill sunshine that affords so meagre a comfort nowadays. This forlorn grey atom is the winter moth. For even yet these tiny creatures may be met with. They are indeed not the sole representatives of the moth family, for on the milder days some of the various other species come forth.

The people of birdland can face a moderate season with a measure of equanimity. They are extremely fortunate in being warmly clad with a thick down beneath the dress of feather. And unless the countryside is fast held by an iron frost, food of a kind, even though it be of the scantiest, may be obtained by them. But for those of a more delicate species, life is highly precarious in hard weather. Thus amongst the undergrowth whence the winter moth has just come forth, the blackbird is industriously at work. He is very hungry, because his own particular type of provender is difficult to find just now—slugs and snails, grubs and the like are scarce. However, by dint of much perseverance he meets with some portion of success. He has often had to be satisfied on very short commons during this particular season.

There are some very close relatives of his near at hand for, at the moment, a small number of redwings are engaged in feeding about the pastures. Following the example of the blackbird they also have now moved to beneath the bushes where the earth is not too hard to penetrate, food being thus easier to come by. As the faint sunrays brighten the landscape and intensify some of its details, a cock redwing takes a run into the open ground. He halts abruptly, as is the way of these birds; and he stands on the alert, before making investigations with his bill into that which has drawn hither his attention.

He is disappointed in his search; and therefore spreading wide his wings, he makes his way across the field to a clump of hawthorn bushes, where he discovers a goodly supply of berries. Almost at once all his comrades fly over to join him. For the redwings are of a most sociable nature and like to keep in the company of their fellows. They are very silent, as is usual with them. Save for an occasional note, their voices are not often to be heard here before the early springtime, if at all before they leave this country. And next a dunnock bustles out from the depths of the undergrowth. He is not at all at a loss—whatever may be the plight of others. He can find many things beneath the thicket—infinitesimal things—but none too small to be worthy of his notice.

Busy and contented, he occupies himself about the place for a few minutes until a friend presently comes along the way. He greets this same friend with a single note, apparently one of welcome, as the couple then join forces and proceed together, both of them piping at intervals and disappearing very soon amongst the tangle of grasses.

Many of the children of the wild choose to withdraw themselves from the world throughout the colder period of the year. A comfortable arrangement; by which they then avoid a large number of the difficulties of life. In this fashion has the dormouse cleverly managed his affairs. He thought it all out and ate voraciously for a while, before he beat a retreat from the scene; and then, having partaken of a final and enormous meal, he tucked himself snugly away for the whole of the winter season. Thus to-day he is sleeping soundly, enveloped within the warm covering that he has made for himself out of dry grass, moss, and leaves. He might, perhaps, upon some entirely propitious day, venture forth to take the air and have a feed. But with this exception he will keep to his retreat until the spring.

Muriel W. Haywood

Bride and Bridegroom left for **NASSAU**

● In winter, Nassau is a place of soft breezes and clear blue waters. Quiet little bathing coves are there and gay bathing beaches too, with fine restaurants and music under the palm trees. Evening comes with warm hibiscus-scented twilight, and the old Colonial houses glow white and gentle behind orchid trees and casias and calabash. In the clubs and cabarets, dance-bands throb and chant their haunting music, but down by the old water-front the fishing-boats are nuzzling against the sea-wall and shifting uneasily in their sleep. Some distance out a glittering white steam-yacht rides at anchor . . . *Nassau, what a heavenly place for a honeymoon!*

HOW DOES ONE GET THERE?

By Plane—New York to Miami 8 hours, Miami to Nassau by Pan American Clipper 2 hours. By Train—New York to Miami 30 hours, and then by Plane 2 hours, or overnight by Ship. By Ship—from New York to Nassau 2½ days. By Pacific Navigation Co. via Azores, 12 days. By Cunard White Star Line, via New York, from 7 days.

WHAT IS THE CLIMATE LIKE?

Finest winter climate in the world. The temperature ranges between 80° F. and 90° F. from May to November and between 68° F. and 79° F. from December to May. Nassau has been recognised as a health resort for over 200 years.

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WHAT IS THE BATHING LIKE?

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First rate! Very modern with excellent service. Swimming pools, sun verandahs, tennis, squash, badminton, bridge. Private bathing beaches, luxuriant tropical gardens. Continental chefs. Bahamian, American and European dishes.

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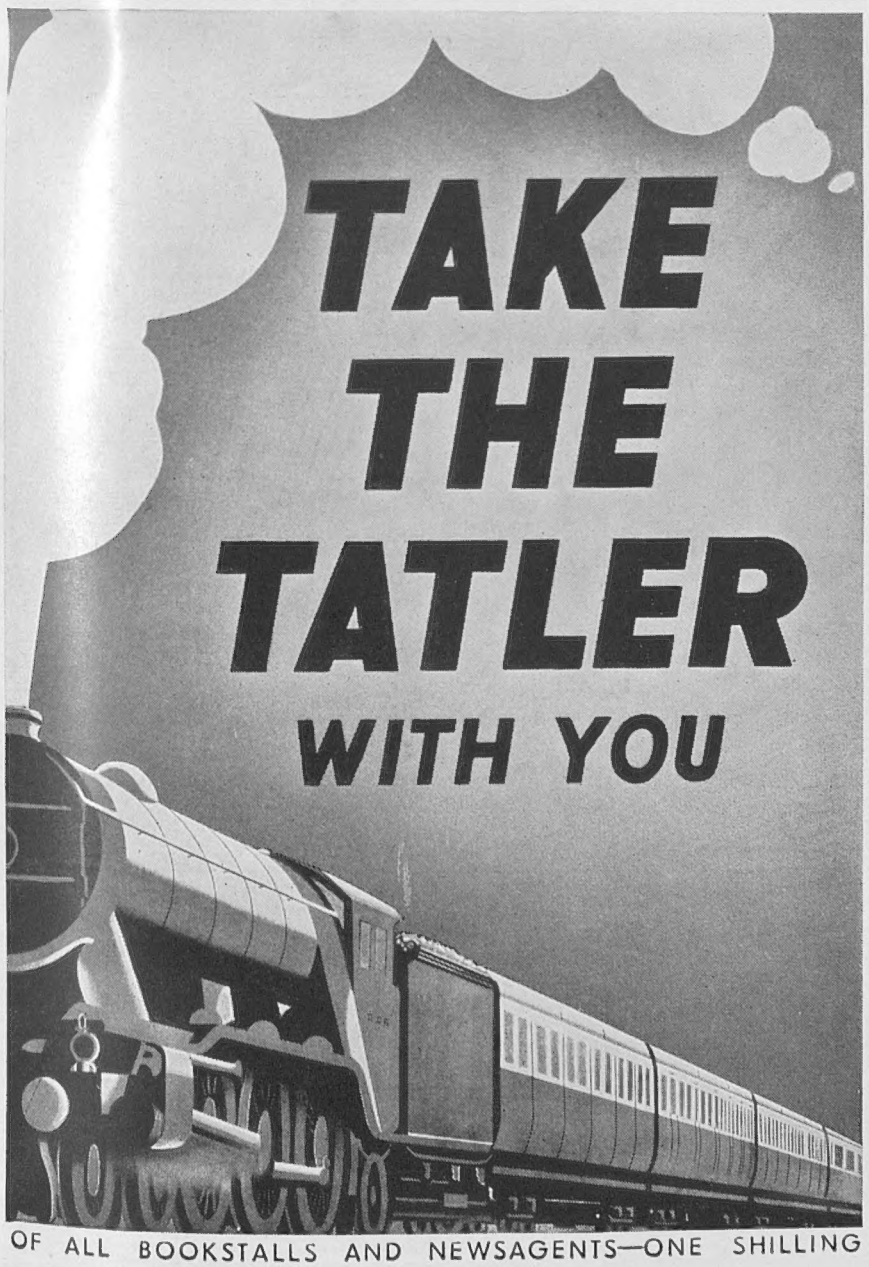

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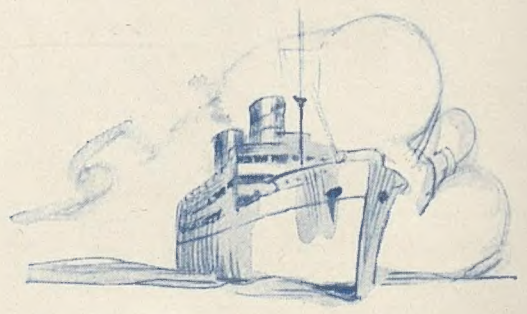

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